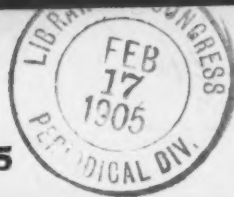


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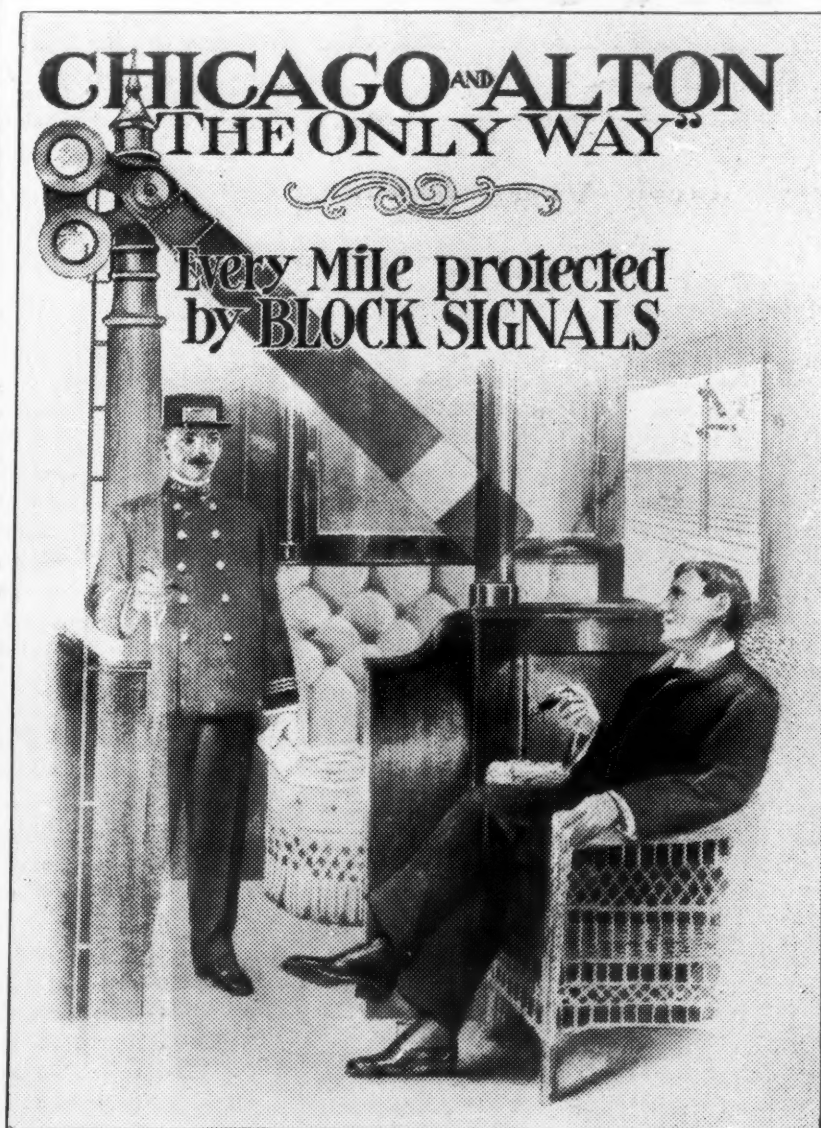


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# The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## Roosevelt Versus Kerens

By W. M. R.

REPUBLICANS not closely allied to either the Niedringhaus or Kerens factions have been working recently to effect a compromise under the terms of which the warring elements of the party can be brought together and a successor to Senator Cockrell elected. They have failed lamentably. Apparently, both factions are determined to hold out to the end, which means that the election of a United States Senator will go over until 1907. There is a general belief—long ago voiced by the MIRROR—that opposition to Niedringhaus on the part of the Republican bolters is but another name for the opposition of the great railway systems of the country to President Roosevelt. As everybody knows, these railroads are opposing the President's policy of regulating interstate railroad rates. Mr. Niedringhaus' election would mean one more vote in support of the President, and his failure of election would correspondingly help the railroads in their approaching great fight against the Nation's chief executive. It is repeated over and over again that Col. Kerens knows he cannot be elected, but it seems altogether probable that he can prevent the election of any other Republican. The statement is generally credited that he would withdraw from the race any day that he was given the privilege of saying who should be elected. This is a concession the Niedringhaus men say they will never grant, hence the belief that the deadlock is likely to continue. Talk of a blow-up this week is utterly silly. If anything, the opposition to the President's candidate is strengthened by the clash between the Senate and the Executive over the latter's alleged usurpation of treaty-making authority in international arbitration. Kerens' friends in the Senate, and in the railroad directories are more than ever determined to break the President's pride, and they will back up Kerens in his fight to keep Niedringhaus out of the toga. The talk of compromise falls flat in view of the fight referred to. It puts all compromise candidates out of consideration. Mr. Nathan Frank has been looked into on this matter very carefully, but Mr. Frank is too much of a lawyer to be antagonistic either to railroad contentions or to Senatorial conservation of authority. Similarly Col. Wells H. Blodgett, the biggest Republican in Missouri, a veritable giant in the matter of work accomplished, is out of the question, because he is a railroad man, and a man who is averse to the Rooseveltian idea of the Presidency. Col. Blodgett, the man who outgeneraled Cassatt in getting Gould's Wabash into Pittsburg, would be a great Senator, but his very genius in the Pittsburg achievement debars him. There remains Col. Pat Dyer. He'd be a fine choice. He is a reformer not less than Folk. He has punished election frauds, and he did it by harder work. He was a reformer before Folk was dry behind the ears, for it was Pat Dyer who, as United States District Attorney, fought the Whiskey Ring, and even though called to Washington by President Grant and wrestled with to let the cases drop,

stood up in court and prosecuted Grant's own private secretary for frauds. It was Dyer who took John B. Henderson into the case, and it was Henderson who stood up in court and asked the jury if even the arm that triumphed at Appomattox could be stretched out to shelter Babcock from the consequences of betrayal of trust. Dyer is the man who should appeal both to Roosevelt and to Folk, but then—no man who stood out against Grant in the Whiskey Ring fight ever amounted to anything in the Republican party afterward. Dyer is the man who would solve the situation, if it were not that Kerens represents the old Whiskey Ring crowd, as he represents every other crooked crowd the party has ever known before or since the days when he held up the Keokuk and Northern Steamboat Company's mail contracts until the company agreed to give him thirty-three and one-third per cent of the profits, and that was in 1857 or thereabouts, when Kerens was a boodler in mail jobs, and presumably was also as pious as he is today. Dyer is the man whose record would serve to go before the people in 1907, but poor Col. Pat has no money, and the Republican crooked hierarchy has kept him down ever since he refused to take the hint of Grant to drop the case of Babcock, that brought the Whiskey Ring corruption to the White House door. I would call upon Mr. Frank R. O'Neil of the *Post-Dispatch* to tell us this story of Dyer and Grant, for he knows it as the *Republican* representative who in reporting the Whiskey Ring trials made the first of his many splendid hits as a reporter noted for both brilliancy and accuracy. It is too bad that a great party should lose the fruit of victory when it wins for the first time in thirty years, but it is infamous that the victory should be rendered vain by one ignorant, bigoted, narrow, tainted, hypocritical, sneaky creature like Star Route Dick Kerens, who, as I say, is representative of every ring, cabal, steal and job that has come up in the party in forty years. Kerens stinks of the Whiskey Ring, of the Mulligan Letters, of Credit Mobilier, of the Star Route frauds, of Embalmed Beef, of the Postal frauds, of the railroad lobby, of the continuous crookedness that has had its influences in the Senate since the days of the Presidency of Lincoln. Kerens blocks the Republican party in Missouri simply and solely in the interest of the surviving "old gang" in the Senate at Washington. He is as corrupt as a leper, and the story of his life, as it has been printed time and again, is the full and fitting explanation why President Roosevelt doesn't want him in the Senate, and why Kerens doesn't want in the Senate from Missouri a man who will vote with Roosevelt against the Elkins interest, and that of the old crooked cabal that has hung on in Washington since the days of Grant, with its fingers in every graft, and its mephitic millions always arrayed against honesty, decency and popular interest. The situation in Missouri is a disgrace to the State. It is, therefore, a rather dismal pleasantry that it should be said at Jefferson City

that any Republican in the State who would like to have it said of him that his name was before the Missouri Legislature for election to the United States Senate, can have his wish gratified by writing to Representative Walmsley of Kansas City. This little statesman has about exhausted the list of Republicans whom he knows and, doubtless, he would be very glad to receive help. For almost three weeks he has voted for a different man each day. He has been called down good and hard several times by men for whom he voted, but this has not discouraged him in the least. The only fear he expresses is that he may run out of new names. Mr. Walmsley is joking on a very serious subject—nothing less than the dishonor of his State, which is obstructed in its function of choosing a Senator by the action of a man who stands for every splotch and blot and cancerous spot in his party's record. The deadlock is nothing but the power of all the boodlers and ringsters of the party, past, present and to come, arrayed against Theodore Roosevelt. Kerens is the champion of crookedness, and of nothing else, since he never represented anything else. The Democrats who rejoice that Kerens discomfits Roosevelt are in a bad light. They encourage evil that good may come. This is foul philosophy. Democrats should not help Kerens. They should help Roosevelt because Roosevelt comes nearest of any statesman in power to representing their principles. Roosevelt is doing what the Democratic idol, Andrew Jackson, did. He is fighting the people's battles now, as Jackson did when he fought Biddle and his bank. Kerens is obstructing him. The Democrats should go with Niedringhaus. If they cannot get a Democrat, they should help elect a Senator as nearly a Democrat as possible. If they leave the State unrepresented in the Senate they help the corrupt and corrupting forces opposed to President Roosevelt. Democratic sympathy for Kerens is only lobby sympathy. Kerens represents everything against which Missouri's Democracy has recently risen in revolt. Democracy when it helps Kerens helps Boodle, and it helps Kerens when it sticks by Cockrell, a man already drafted by the President into a position in which he can aid in the great fight upon the Kerens crowd. The Democrats should drop Cockrell and help Niedringhaus, or if not Niedringhaus, some man who will hold up the hands of President Roosevelt in his great fight for Democratic principles and policies and practice.

♦♦♦

## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

### *The Senate's Fake Play*

WE must take the Senate's anger with President Roosevelt over the treaty-making prerogative with several buckets of salt. There's some ground for an issue, but we must not be fooled. A large element in the Senate has been looking for a chance to fall out with the President upon something that would savor of *la haute politique*. This element is against Roosevelt on the tariff-reduction and abolition of railway rebates. It didn't dare to solidify itself against him on those issues, publicly, since the public is with the President. It was glad, therefore, to catch at a constitutional "point" of difference with the Executive, and make it the means for getting together and protracting a fight which shall delay action upon the tariff and interstate commerce measures. It will hold out on this

domestic legislation as an alleged leverage to make the President come around to a recognition of the Senate as the treaty-making power. The President does not deny the Senate's right to reject a treaty, but he does maintain that "with the Senate amendment the treaties not only cease to be a step forward in the cause of general arbitration, but are really a step backward, and therefore he is unable to present them in this altered form to the countries with which we have been in negotiation." The President thinks the Senate has, by its action, interfered with the work of promoting universal peace, and therefore obstructed one of the highest, best purposes of government. This is drawing matters fine, of course, but the fact remains that the issue is a manufactured one, and that its being sprung at this time, makes for difficulty for the President in enforcing tariff reform and rate regulation. The Senate grabs at its dignity as an excuse to prevent a regulation of the trusts and the railroads. Its high politics is a mask and shield for the lowest of low politics. Statesmanship is a stalking horse for the protection and continuation of favoritism and jobbery.

♦♦

IN the struggle for the reduction of the tariff and the destruction of the railroad rebate system Theodore Roosevelt will best Joe Cannon. "Uncle Joe" may have the Congress and the railroad interests behind him, but Theodore Roosevelt has all the people behind him.

♦♦

### *Fair Miscegenation*

MARY PERRY, of East St. Louis was married the other day to a Chinaman, Loung Quong. They met at the World's Fair. What a tremendous boom miscegenation had as a result of that Fair! The attention paid the barbarians of color by white women all through the Fair period was disgusting. Coolies, mestizos, pygmies, head-hunters, Indian bucks, sweethearting with white girls was a ghastly scandal. Out of it grew several weddings which have been more or less exploited. All this is bad, vicious, intolerable. It is the vilest form of degeneration and degradation. But the papers keep on lauding the little brown men, and the lingering orientals still parade white girls on the streets here. Oh yes, the Fair has brought us under the influence of "sweetness and light." When the higher race breeds with the lower the result is rottenness—and the orientals were "all the cheese" at our Fair. The town is cursed with a burden of Japanese bric-a-brac, and God help us if we're to have a large breed of semi-Chinese, semi-Japanese, semi-Filipino, semi-Indian babies injected into the community.

♦♦

A FEW more days of investigation into Missouri politics and every man of note in either party will be spattered and tainted. The question is whether this sort of thing will not drag more crooks into politics instead of attracting decent men to purify it. Publicity seems to be only an advertisement of the game as an easy graft.

♦♦

### *Big Pill Beats Little Pill*

SENATOR DE VILBISS of Miller County is an Allopathic doctor, and naturally does not look upon the other schools of medicine with favor. He won quite a victory for his school of medicine in the Senate last week, and incidentally worsted Senator Young, one of the best lawyers in the Senate, in a long fight, bristling with sharp debates. Senator Gilmore of Kansas City finally came to the assistance of his brother lawyer, but the doctor knocked him out in

the first round. The contention was over the school of medicine to which the seven members of the State Board of Health shall belong. Senator De Vilbiss contended that four of these members should be Allopaths. He didn't care to what schools the remaining three adhered. The lawyers sought to prevent any school from having more than three representatives on the board. On a final show-down Senator De Vilbiss won by a vote of 15 to 6. It was the big pill influence against the little pill influence, as one member expressed it, and the big pills got the big vote, and the little pills the little vote. It was this question of allopath against homeopath that made all the trouble for Lon Stephens when he was Governor. He recognized the homeopaths, and that made a knocker out of every allopath in the State. It also made Dockery, who was himself a doctor once, governor, though there are those who intimate that that didn't help the profession to any great extent.

♦♦

THE City of St. Louis has been offered the model playground. "A boy without a playground is the father of a man without a job." St. Louis should have half a dozen playgrounds in the tenement regions.

♦♦

### *Laying Out the Lobby at Jeff*

NOR since 1887 has Jefferson City been so besieged with lobbyists as it was last week. The lobbies of the Senate and House swarmed with them. Only one, Col. W. H. Phelps, reported to Gov. Folk. But instead of transacting his business and leaving within 30 hours, Col. Phelps remained three days, and then left town in a very bad temper. During his stay the Senate pushed three bills along that were particularly distressing to him. The House Railroad Committee, too, handed him a serpent when he asked for a fish, by reporting favorably the Speer freight rate bill. This measure had been killed at several previous sessions of the Legislature, owing to the opposition of the railroads. It reduces existing freight rates on agricultural products about 20 per cent. The unkindest cut of all, however, came from the Senate, when that body sat solidly upon Senator Morton every time he sought to amend any of the bills in the interests of the railroads. Evidently Morton's grip on the Senate should hereafter be referred to in the past tense, and in due time he will go on the shelf. Col. Phelps was not alone in his grief. The race track people received a very black eye in the House with the promise that their troubles were only beginning. Gov. Folk's broadside against the race track gamblers sent "Cap" Tilles home with a tin can attached to his coat-tails. The school book trust also came in for a share of the displeasure of the Assembly. In both Houses substitute bills clipping the claws of this trust were reported favorably. All of these interests, and many others, have kept lobbyists at the capital continuously, and Col. Phelps alone makes pilgrimages to the executive office to tell the Governor of his presence and business. There is some reason to believe that Gov. Folk now sees that he made an error in issuing an order that all lobbyists must report to him. There is no authority of law for such an order. The lobbyists make sport of the Governor. Still, it is in evidence that they have some fear of him. They are not nearly so bold as at former sessions, and they have lost much of their power, if, in fact, they will not eventually be whipped out on every proposition. All sorts of stories are afloat as to what the Governor is doing to circumvent the lobby. One is to the effect that he has employed two detectives



to watch members who are supposed to be looking for boodle. Be this as it may, the lobby business is not what it was two years ago at Jefferson City. Gov. Folk is also said to have employed a Chicago detective concern to look up the personal records and associations of all the men who have applied to him for appointments. It is said that he turned down several rather prominent men in St. Louis because his detectives reported that the men were too fond of a little pleasure when they went to New York or Chicago. Government by detective seems to go with government by moral injunction. But then, there are politicians and others who will believe anything against Gov. Folk, just as there are other good and unsophisticated people who believe anything in his favor.

THE People's United States Bank was exploited into 85,000 subscribers on the strength of advertisements in the *Woman's Magazine* and the *Woman's Farm Journal*. It is significant that in his announcements to advertisers the proprietor of the publications mentioned emphasizes the fact that no financial advertisements are accepted. Sure, Mike. That graft is reserved for E. G. Lewis himself.

THE Bell Telephone Company has improved its directory with the January issue. It has put on a stiff removable cover—with "ads" on it to more than pay for the cost. Catch names appear at the heads of the columns on each page, like such words in a dictionary. The paper of the pages is a little better than it used to be, and there is more light in the pages between the lines. In view of the fact that I spoke vitriolic sooth concerning the book over a month ago, I am only fair in noting the improvement in this issue. There is room for more improvement, however.

It is evident that there will be made an attempt to line up the saloons in politics in this city. The saloonists should not be fooled. Why should the 1,200 or 1,500 honest and decent saloonists organize to resent the raiding or disciplining of twenty disreputable joint-keepers. If they do they will be classed with those they champion. If they don't they need not fear that the execution of the law will hurt them. If the saloon keepers will obey the law they will soon find that where the law works any hardship or undue restriction of personal liberty on the public, it will be repealed. St. Louis is not a dry town, and it doesn't believe in a dry Sunday. If the law is enforced, popular thirst and indignation will force the abrogation of the law more quickly than any concerted fight against the law by the saloon men. The brewers will probably rail against closing some saloons. They shouldn't. What they should do is quit selling beer or supplying backing to disreputable saloon men. They should not finance wine rooms. Then there would be no howl against saloons in general. And there would be no falling off in beer sales, either, for the thirsty people would drink just as much. Fewer saloons doing more business, and no saloons conducted irregularly and expensive because of the cost of "protecting" the irregulars, would seem to be a good business proposition. It is the joint, the dive, the bar-brothel that makes trouble for the saloon keepers, the brewers and the distillers, and therefore the saloon keepers, brewers and distillers should be with the authorities in the effort to clean out the trouble-breeders. If they will make

that clear, and submit to the law, however temporarily inconvenient and unprofitable, they may find public opinion solidly with them in this community in favor of such a modified form of the continental Sunday as has prevailed here since the year of the city's founding.

WILL the Secretary of State of Missouri order an investigation that will investigate in the matter of the People's United States Bank and the man who has started it?

FOR the benefit of about forty persons, who have written this paper asking the meaning of the word "useblyed" as it occurred in a quotation from James Huneker's quotation of George Bernard Shaw about *Candida*—"a useblyed slattern and voluptuary"—I will say that there "ain't no sich word." It was a misprint for "wretched"—which gives one some idea of what kind of a hand Mr. James Huneker writes. This is Mr. Huneker's explanation of the word, and yet, strange to say a member of the MIRROR staff, after ransacking Dutch, Danish and Swedish-Norwegian dictionaries reported that he thought the word a neologism, coined especially for the occasion out of two other words, meaning exactly what Mr. Huneker intended to write—wretched. This is one of the curiosities of literature—that a mere typographical error should be justified by philological research as meaning the very word for which it was a misprint and to which it bore not the remotest resemblance, either to the eye or to the ear. It makes one have grave doubts about all the critical textual analysis of Shakespeare and the classics.

SENATOR TILLMAN has gone to Philadelphia, but it was hardly necessary for the papers to add that he went there for rest.

THOUSANDS of people all over the country are writing to the newspapers and to merchants of this city to find out when there will be a distribution of the prizes in the World's Fair Guessing Contest, run by E. G. Lewis of the *Woman's Magazine* and the People's United States Bank. No one knows. The Fair management has published the attendance figures, but the prizes are not bestowed. The people who paid for the privilege of guessing are "out" their money, and they don't know who got the prize. Mr. Lewis, the promoter of the scheme, is too busy probably with his People's United States Bank. Fine bank it must be, run under such auspices.

CALIFORNIA is going to recede the Yosemite Park to the National Government for the very good reason that the State can't and won't care for the great and grand preserve as it should be cared for, while the National Government can and will, as it has shown in the matter of Yellowstone Park. Centralization of government goes on apace. It may be wrong but it is due to the fact that the National Government is efficient and State governments are incompetent. And so it is that Socialism proceeds out of the weakness of the moral force in the States, and men proclaiming fealty to Thomas Jefferson are clamoring for the central government to do things that the sage of Monticello would have taken as a symptom of the beginning of "the abomination of desolation." Like we it or not, the country is drifting fast to the most comprehensive national regulation restriction, repression and ownership of

men and things, and eventually to one-man power. The people trust Roosevelt and they want to unload all their troubles and difficulties upon him. They offer him the crown not thrice but an hundred times. It is not Theodore Roosevelt who is the Imperialist, the Caesar, but we, ourselves—we the indifferent, shrinking, lukewarm people, too lazy to think for or act for or govern ourselves. We're all willing to turn things over to the *Uebermensch* or the Overman, if he'll only not interfere with our making money. Nietzsche is more vindicated in America than even in Germany, the land of the Kaiser, or Russia, the land of the Czar.

WILL the Post Office authorities begin an investigation that will investigate in the matter of the general mail features of the business of E. G. Lewis, his *Woman's Magazine*, his *Woman's Farm Journal*, his World's Fair Guessing Contest, his People's United States Bank?

THE slaughtering surgeons have abandoned their crusade for the abolition of the vermiform appendix as a disease-provoking superfluity, and now these physiological "scientists" have darted off after the tonsils. No less than 100 school children in one parish of London have been victimized by this new surgical fad. In this country, too, the cutting out of tonsils is much in vogue. The doctors say that the tonsils are useless, yet there is nothing in nature that is absolutely useless. The tonsils are where they are for a purpose, whether the doctors know that purpose or not.

SENATOR CABOT LODGE denies that he or the President sent emissaries to Jefferson City to break the Senatorial deadlock. Some people suspect that the visit of any emissary of anybody to Jefferson City just now would only break the emissary before breaking the deadlock. It's a hard winter, the river's frozen, and there's no driftwood.

THOSE persons who may care to determine whether Mr. Metcalfe, the critic of New York *Life*, was a Jew-baiter, as the Theatrical Syndicate claims, will find a startling presentation of that gentleman's attitude in the New York *Morning Telegraph* of February 6th, in which a selection of Hebraphobic utterances by Mr. Metcalfe, startling in their venomousness, is presented. If those quotations be exact, and I, as a reader of *Life* from its first number, think they are, they seem to justify Jewish resentment against Mr. Metcalfe. But even granting all that, it was silly in the syndicate to bar Mr. Metcalfe from its theaters.

NEITHER political party in Missouri comes out of the recent investigation of campaign funds with any moral advantage over the other.

SOME of our great local dailies would do well never to take their reportorial sleuths off the measure to repeal the Breeders' Law. The gambling syndicate is bringing great force to bear to kill the repeal measure in the Senate. The CAT has a friend or two on the Senate Committee on Jurisprudence. It has two very clever and capable attorneys in St. Louis who do a great deal of entertaining of Senators when those solons come down from the capital to see the sights. The syndicate has two, or maybe six members in the Senate, and not all of them from St. Louis either. There's a strong pull being ex-

erted on the representation of what the syndicate will do in a financial way in politics in St. Louis this spring. The syndicate has a couple of millions, and it is holding out promises of help to both parties here, since the Senate is close. It looks for Republican votes from promises of help to that party, and for Democratic votes for promises of help from that party. Mr. Harry B. Hawes and Mr. Morton Jourdan are attorneys who know how to handle Senators, and they are helping the syndicate with every resource at their command. I don't say that either "Harry" or "Mort" would bribe anyone. They are doing the political lobbying. If the money has to be put up in the long run, it will pass first into the hands of a man who has been used before, and one whom neither Hawes nor Morton would handle with tongs. The daily papers can pass the repeal measure simply by keeping the spot-light on it, and the men who will handle it in the State Senate.

♦♦

How MANY Post-Office Inspectors who have passed upon the legitimacy of the mail features of the business of Mr. E. G. Lewis are holders of stock in one or more of the enterprises launched by the gentleman who runs the *Woman's Magazine* and the People's United States Bank?

♦♦

#### Senator Mitchell

SENATOR MITCHELL of Oregon "dissolved in tears" in the United States Senate the other day while explaining how he was persecuted, though innocent, in the matter of his indictment for gigantic land frauds in the far Northwest. It was very effective, and many persons thought the Senator more sinned against than sinning. But now the venerable and lachrymose Senator's law partner has appeared before a Grand Jury and made a confession which deeply involves the Senator in the general crookedness. Mitchell is as bad off as Burton and Dietrich—but no worse. There were confessions against them, too, but they got off in the courts.

♦♦

THE men on the police force put up \$21,000 to help elect Gov. Joseph W. Folk. And now he's having them put out of politics. The men on the police force ought to be glad. So ought the people on the beats upon whom some of the police have been accused of levying tribute to make up the deficiency in their pay caused by the political tax.

♦♦

#### Mayor Wells Can't Win

It seems certain that Rolla Wells is to be renominated for Mayor at a snap primary, in which committeemen in favor of him will control the judges and clerks, keep the vote and act as a returning board. No other candidate has a chance. Mr. Wells renominated is not elected. He was not elected before, but stuffed in. Can Mr. Wells be elected? I think not. He is a candidate exclusively of the World's Fair crowd. The masses of St. Louisans think that the World's Fair crowd is a gang of grafters, with new jobs for spoils up their sleeves. Mr. Wells is not popular with the working people, and never has been for reasons that will appear later. Mr. Wells is not liked by the party workers. He didn't treat them well in distributing patronage. Mr. Wells is opposed by a large element of practical politicians in the down town wards, whence the majorities have come—clean or otherwise. Mr. Wells won't get the vote in the homes of the majority. Mr. Wells won't get Republican votes, because the Republicans will vote for their own candidate. There is no Republican split. The St. Louisans are united

on Niedringhaus. There are no Kerensites. Democracy is dissatisfied because of dread of Folk's blue laws. The money interest is dissatisfied because of crazy bills at Jefferson. Many people will scratch Wells because the Cella-Ader-Tilles attorney, Hawes, is only nominating Wells to save his (Hawes') political life. Wells has been a respectable Mayor. No more. The "slate" he will head will be made in secret by Hawes and Stuever. The ticket will be a Dark Lantern affair. Wells will be slaughtered. If he has any sense he will not permit his name to be used. The men who are putting him up know he can't win, but they sacrifice him solely to prevent the nomination of someone they could not control.

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## A Lesson

THE uproar was at its height and the room filled with a merry throng of men and women. Diamonds glittered and sparkled in the subdued light.

The Boy looked around. His face was refined and strangely out of keeping with the scene of revelry. It was his first visit to such a place, and he was filled with wonder.

Near him at a table sat a woman—alone. Their eyes met—his with a timid curiosity, hers with a kind of compassion.

A man—not too sober—walked unsteadily across the room.

"Hullo! me dear. Having supper alone? That'll never do."

He was about to take a chair at the table, but she checked him with an angry look.

"Don't be hoity-toity," he muttered.

On the spur of the moment the Boy took the vacant chair.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but this is my seat."

"Sorry," said the man as he moved away with a drunken laugh.

The Boy ordered supper. They ate together and talked small talk.

A glance at his watch, and he saw that it was half-past twelve.

"Bill, waiter!" he cried.

"My bill separately," she said.

The waiter looked surprised, and the Boy felt snubbed.

"Give me a cigarette," she asked, with a smile.

He took a gold case from his pocket and handed it to her. She pressed the spring and a lid flew open, disclosing not cigarettes, but the face of a beautiful girl.

"The wrong spring," he said, hurriedly. "Let me open it for you."

He attempted to take the case in his hands, but she held it firmly, and gazed long and fixedly at the miniature.

"What a sweetly innocent face!" she said, drawing a deep breath. "She loves you?"

The Boy nodded.

The woman remained silently looking at the portrait, and a determined expression came over her face.

"Look at me," she said, sternly.

The Boy turned away his face.

The woman laughed harshly.

"Look at this," she said, placing the miniature before him. "Now look at me and go home. I like you, Boy. Let this be a lesson to you."

The Boy called his cab and drove swiftly away.

## A One-Sided Partnership

By John H. Drabelle

AT the present time the public is greatly interested in the proposition urged by the Federal administration that the power to fix and enforce rates for interstate commerce be given to a Federal body.

Underlying this proposal is the claim that the carriers of persons and goods are exacting from the public, for the service, excessive rates. Emphasis is given to the argument by pointing to the vast earnings and surpluses of the great railway systems. And it is insisted that the conditions which result in the creation of the great surplus values shown in the railroad business is a demonstration that the rates charged the public are unreasonably high—that such surplus does not belong to the railroads, but to the public which creates them through over-payment of freight and passenger tariffs—and that for the future, at least, this shall not be permitted through the means of a Federal tribunal which shall fix and declare what rates the carrier shall charge. In many of the States the same proposition is advanced with regard to strictly State traffic.

But very few members of the public are aware that a more insidious method is being suggested, and in some States being acted upon, than the direct plan of reducing railroad rates through Federal and State tribunals. This method is the one urged and justified by Prof. Henry C. Adams. He is an "expert" political economist, and his particular line, at the

present time, is his theory that all the surplus of a railway company belongs to the public, and should be returned to the public through taxation. He partly holds with Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, that capital in a railroad is not an investment of private capital, upon which the holders are entitled to an income, but is an increment to capital contributed by the public, and, therefore, "unearned," and hence the public has a "moral" right to it. While Dr. Shaw would remedy the evil by reducing the rates of transportation, without any return whatever on capital, Prof. Adams would permit some return on capital, which he calls a "normal return," viz, three and one-half per cent on the actual (expert-determined) cost of replacing the physical property of a railroad, and all the balance of its net earnings and surplus should be taken back by the public by means of taxation.

In a recent address before an economic body, speaking of the surplus of a railway company, Prof. Adams said:

"It is socially produced value, and the logical application of the principle which lies at the bottom of the institution of private property, namely, that he who produces a thing should be its proprietor, will lead to the conclusion that the public is a joint proprietor with the railway corporations in the property they control."

"Socially produced value," with Prof. Adams means publicly contributed value.



Of course what he says about railway companies applies as well to banks, trust companies, insurance companies, and all other corporations chartered to do a semi-public business. It is notorious that all these institutions create vast surpluses out of interest, discounts and commissions and premiums paid by the public, after paying substantial dividends on their capital. It can equally be said of them that this is "socially produced value," and that the application of the principle which lies at the bottom of the institution of private property, viz., that he who produces a thing should be its proprietor, "will lead to the conclusion that the public is a joint proprietor with the banks, trust, insurance and other companies in the property they control." And, according to Prof. Adams, the way to get this "socially produced value" back to the public is to tax it back.

Of course, this is not a "tax question" at all. It is in disguise. It is a property question solely. With its mask off, it is an attempt to divide property, an old propaganda of the "socialists." Under the guise of "taxation" it seeks to do indirectly what the moral sense of the public would revolt at if presented without disguise. For it means the appropriation by the State of the surplus of every corporation and enterprise, not alone railroad companies, above a "normal return," as Prof. Adams puts it, which, as above stated, in the case of a railroad, he places at three and one-half per cent on the expert-valued cost at the present time of its physical properties.

In the true sense the property of every man is

"socially produced." The merchant, the manufacturer, the landlord, the banker, the warehouseman, the water company, the electric light and gas company, the railroad—each and all of them win their property from the contributions of the public. They take all the risks incident to the business and enterprise; the public not one of them. They take the hazards of bad times, panics, competition and all the other contingencies incident thereto; from these the public suffers no direct loss. Yet Prof. Adams holds that if such persons or corporations have in their business added to the value of their property, such added value is "socially produced," and that the public is a joint proprietor thereof, and that such surplus value, beyond a "normal return," belongs to the public, and should be returned to the public by means of taxation.

Ordinarily, partnership involves the obligation of each member to share in the losses, the risks and hazards, as well as the profits. Not so in this "social" partnership theory of Prof. Adams. His is a partnership in profits only. It is jugg-handled and one-sided, and, therefore, repellant to the natural sense of fairness and right.

A distinguished federal judge, after listening to an "expert" in a patent case, exclaimed: "Oh, these experts, they swear away the laws of nature." May it not be said that the "expert" political economist is like unto his brother in the patent controversy, only more plausible, and, therefore, more dangerous, for he, too, attempts to "swear away" the great principle of the private ownership of property.

## Blue Jay's Chatter

My Dear Jenny Wren:

SAY, Jane, those Saturday night *table d'hôte* dinners at the St. Louis Club are getting to be the only thing in town. The rush for places is something fierce; so your old college chum, "Bud" Dozier, told me the other night, as we met coming out of the Olympic. Seems to me that "Bud" is nicer than he used to be, though you always liked him, didn't you? They say he was awfully cut up when that lovely widow, Mrs. Thornburgh, married William C. Stribbling, but that's so long ago that he's recovered by this time. I don't think he could marry anyone now, he's so devoted to Dave Francis. There's never been such a case of one man's worship of another in the history of the city.

Well, anyway the St. Louis Club is right in the swim, and you can remember, as well as I, four or five years ago, when it wasn't. I mean when there was nothing doing in the social line, and only Park von Fiddlesticks—that's merely my jocular, Jane, and not intended for a roast at dear old Park—used to stalk about those hallowed rooms in gloomy, silent meditation. One of the Capen boys got down to brass tacks and put through this monthly Saturday night dinner and dance, and it's practically made the club lately.

This Capen boy is a hustler though he hasn't got much humor as was shown when a young automobile agent wrote him a jocose letter about his "tab" and Capen submitted the letter to the full House committee and tried to have the young automobilious person disciplined for irreverence. The Capens were never noted for humor, unless it is that Charlie has some

hidden away somewhere. Wallace Capen, I'm sure, has made a double tragedy of himself with all his troubles with his wives. Still there's no denying that Sam Capen has put vim into the club—though Lewis Tunc has been given some of the credit.

The army of people at the Barradas and those in line with the defunct Fair find it a good hanging-out place, and a week ago everybody who could manage to find room went for dinner. The Stephen Slocums—she was Luna Garrison before your day or mine, Jane—a great beauty and still awfully attractive—they go and the Hirschberg set couldn't be dragged away. The Hirschbergs have had with them the Vernons of England, whoever they are over there I don't know—though they seem to have the manner down fine, but Mrs. Vernon and Mrs. El are sisters. Only half way, though, as General Dr. M. Frost was married two or three times and there are many daughters, most of them married Englishmen and all of whom are noted for sharpness of intelligence. Mrs. Vernon is a big woman, very English in style, with that fine color which comes of the constitutional and the long swinging, mannish stride. The Hirschbergs gave a big dinner on Saturday night at the club, and the guests started the next day for California. Frank Hirschberg still holds social sway because he was on the ceremonies and function committee of the Fair, and there's no one to dispute his oratorical now that Mr. Diaz Albertini has gone away.

The St. Louis Club realized some time ago that too much exclusiveness didn't go and so it was that shortly after they moved from the old Locust street house they took in the South Side rich set and at the same time kind of liberalized in the West End, also.

The club has run along on a firmer basis ever since. It is only recently, however, that members came out of their flurry over the rush of Fair entertainment and began to give credit to those who do the work, and so it is that Sam Capen is much liked for his cleverness in arranging these club doings. With an exception or two to prove the rule, such as I have referred to, he seems to have natural tact and doesn't set everybody by the ears. The St. Louis, I should say, is by far the most social of the men's clubs.

The University, which, by the way, contains more men without university training than with it, and where a Latin or Greek quotation would fall with a dull thud, has ceased entirely to entertain. There is a strong element against it, among the older men, and the younger ones like Billy Pope, Gai Paddock, George Doan, H. L. Chambers, and a few more, get enough society in other ways, and, in the case of some of them, not exactly the best sort of society either. By the way, I wonder what has become of dear old Charlie Platt? He was never found straying far from the University Club but he left town a year ago—and now no one ever hears of him. The University Club has suffered a little from the fastness of some of its members, but it cannot be said that things are rapid in the club these days. It's got to be a nice, quiet place to sleep—or to play poker—and I'm told it's not a nice place to play poker even—there are so many sharps in the membership.

The Noonday Club has become a regular political hotbed for the millionaires—every table has its own crowd who get together and settle the political affairs of St. Louis and the terminal and bridge monopolies each day at noon. Wouldn't it be fun to be a gentle little fly buzzing softly 'round the ears of Rolla Wells, Charles Huttig, John D. Davis and some of the other big guns gathering there daily? What tips on timely topics one might get! Nothing social ever goes at the Noonday. They tried once to have a ball there but the experiment was only half a success, and yet there are social affairs there. I understand that the Noonday wants Wells for Mayor again, but there's one man in the club says no, and that's Jim Campbell, who, as I told you three weeks ago, is the wealthiest man in St. Louis. "Jim," although he's the right hand of Ed Butler, our biggest political boss, is the associate at the Noonday of the highly intellectual and strictly moral set. He dines at the same table every day in a little side room, with Fred N. Judson, who has been highly honored by the President in his selection as one of the government counsel to investigate the charges against the Santa Fe Railroad, which Mr. Paul Morton represents in the Cabinet; Zach Lionberger, Tom McPheeters, Henry T. Kent, John F. Lee, and Ray Davis. "Jim" Blair used to sit with them. Jim has been handling these unco guid fellows and the boss boodler, too. Well, the unco guid thought they could get Jim to support Rolla for another term. "No," said he, "not on your life. He fought Butler and he fought me. I never did anything for him but put up for him and Butler elected him." So Jim Campbell says Wells won't be Mayor again and I think he won't. "Wells done Campbell dirt." After Jim had forced the gang to take Wells, and Wells had been stuffed into office,—for that romantic and poetic young Lee Meriwether, with the pretty wife, was really elected and robbed of the honor—Wells had to entertain Prince Henry, Emperor William's brother. Wells made out his list of the city's big men whom he was to invite to meet Prince Henry at breakfast. It was just when all the big rich fellows were under Folk's boodle fire. Rolla read his list

at the St. Louis Club one evening to a crowd of his cronies. "Why, Rolla, you haven't got Jim Campbell in the list," said some one. "No, and I won't have him. I scratch him," said Rolla. And he did. But he didn't scratch Charlie Turner, who was a boodler and publicly confessed it. In view of all Jim Campbell did for Wells, putting up for his nomination, paying for stuffing him in, and all that, I think it was nasty in Wells to turn on him when he was under fire. It makes Wells look like a small man and a cheap skate and I hope that Campbell will beat him. Campbell stood the gaff all during the boodle cases. He stood by Butler through thick and thin. Wells' friend Turner squealed. Then Wells tried to defeat Folk and worked with Campbell to that end and put his money up with Campbell's to beat Folk, and now Wells and Folk are in the same bed, and they're going to make the fight—Wells against Campbell. I think I can see Rolla's finish, for Campbell has money and brains and he has done lots of good and nice things for people and those to whom he has been good will help him. So, you see, that social affairs get mixed up even in politics. Indeed I'm told that there's a lot of woman stuff in politics and that in some instances there are threats to drag into the discussion certain rivalries about women. It wouldn't surprise me to see and hear some "eternal feminine" in politics this year and indeed to find ourselves reveling in a lot of filth growing out of the general looseness that has come on the town as a result of the World's Fair. I won't tell you of the parties of eminent World's Fair folks and their lady friends out at the Delmonico roadhouse and the doings that we are now in danger of having blown up as a result of a lot of political fallings out. I hope that the bitterness doesn't go as far as it now threatens to go, but there's a lot of talk about—oh everybody—that indicates the eruption of a volcano in a social rather than a political sense. This town's very "gay," Jane, since the World's Fair, and I wonder that a lot of its gaiety doesn't get into *Town Topics* or the *Washington Mirror*, like it used to. That nosey, pokey Lucy Stoughton, of the *Republic*, they say represents both those papers, or used to, and everybody just trembles that she'll cut loose some day.

While Wells is on the tip-o-me-tongue, I must call your attention to the splurge being made by Mrs. Edward F. Goltra. Mr. Goltra is that extremely fidgetty, nervous, hustling man who is Mr. Wells' right hand man in the steel business. He's a great business man, they tell me, and very enthusiastic. Rolla put him in the School Board, where he sputters a good deal, and at least conveys the impression of doing something. He's very smart, and he has some culture. He buys pictures at fancy prices, and books, too. His wife is a stunner when she's in full feather, or when you see her out in their auto. She gave a big reception the other day, and had her picture in the *Globe-Democrat* and *Republic* both, though neither quite did her justice. There was a swell bunch at her blow-out at the Woman's Club—the women of the financial set, the Vandeventer place crowd, the Maffitt femininity, the Francis. The roster of names in double columns was very strong, Jane, and the appointments of the occasion were superb. Mrs. Goltra appeared wearing a handsome imported robe of lace and chiffon, with becoming touches of palest blue upon the bodice. A deep collar effect was formed by paillette lace of silver, which gave a brilliant finish to the whole. Mrs. Dana, for whom the reception was given, a sister of Mrs. Goltra, and herself something for looks and style, was dressed all in white, her gown being of

lace and chiffon. After the chin-chin there was bridge, but the play wasn't very high. As I came away with one lady who took a Maryland avenue car, that lady said: "Have you heard that maybe if Mr. Wells doesn't run for Mayor, Mr. Goltra might be induced to try it?" I hear Mr. Goltra is dippy about politics, and is talking of starting or buying a daily paper. But I don't care. Mrs. Goltra is going to be more interesting in society than she has been in the past. We'll have to watch her shine, Jane.

I was talking of the Noonday Club, wasn't I? What was I saying? Oh, yes, that it wasn't much of a social club and that once there was a ball given there. That ball was given by the ancient and famous and exclusive Imperial Club. I'll say this for the Imperial Club, though: Money makes no difference in its ranks. The only thing that counts is the old and cold and ultra blue-blooded stock. Nobody ever gets in. The lists haven't changed materially in the last twenty years. The sons of members are let in whenever the sons get old enough, and if a son of a member goes astray after strange gods he is always taken back when he has had his fingers burned or he concludes to reform. The Imperial I don't think would ever take a girl back who had strayed after strange gods, but thank God, girls don't stray often, and if they do, they're game and don't come back whimpering for sympathy. But coming back to Earth, I see that young Jones, whose first name or rather his Christian name—since his first name is Jones—I'm not sure of—a son of McKittrick Jones has succeeded to his father's interests in the club this year and practically ran the two balls, both now over. Frank Hirschberg used to be the grand mogul, but he sort of retired this year, though Mrs. H. continued as a patroness along with Mrs. Catlin, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Estill McHenry (one of our oldest families, Jane), Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. William H. Lee—the Vandeventer Place Lee—Mrs. Henry Turner. They spend lots of money on the balls, but the club has no other *raison d'être*. The Imperial deserted the St. Louis Club for the Woman's Club at their last affair, about two weeks ago.

This Woman's club is still going along gaily, although the croakers prophesied it would peter out right after the Fair. "Sleezy" Kennard—don't say I called her that, Jane, and I didn't. It is what some woman, who sat next to me at bridge on the last card-day called her, when Miss K. came along—is the most compelling personality in this club in some ways. The woman I refer to also said that Miss K. was having an awful time trying to keep everybody good-natured about the club this winter since Mrs. Norris Gregg went South. Miss K. is chairman of something and has to plan all the parties. Some of the members thought they weren't getting anything for their money and wanted balls and big affairs all the time. They won't get them, though, for we've all got to get in line with charity musicals and Lenten lectures. Alas, Jane, Lenten lectures are a great bore and what'll I have to write you then.

Speaking of musicals, didn't I say the Bixby's were going to come out strong soon on that line? I see that some kind of a musical is already on the tapis at their house for next week, with clarity at three dollars per, the excuse. You must watch society hump itself to get there.

Your old friend, Walter Townsend, is married, or else, going to be soon—to some girl out West, where he has lived for some time. The girl has

a long Scotch name. Townsend is so much easier to pronounce. He is coming on for his sister Amy's wedding early in March to a Mr. Lindenberg, who lives in Columbus. This Amy T. is a dear, sweet, simple little girl, and when she went to live with her papa at the Southern after her charming, gracious mother's death, all the men there just worshipped her. Not the dudes, you know—the real fellows who do things, including things they shouldn't do, but are all the nicer to women because of that. Amy in black, pale, with her tender smile, her book in hand—why, at the Southern she was the angel of the house. Why shouldn't she be, though? She's the daughter of Harry Townsend of the Missouri Pacific, dean of the local railroad faculty, and the most continuously popular man in St. Louis. He's the most considerate man, Jane, that lives—always doing something for some one else. Amy is wistfully pretty. Her older sister was pretty in a more vivacious fashion. She lives in Detroit. It may be that now that all his children are well and happily disposed of, Mr. Townsend himself may look for a home—but I don't know. H. C. T. is a man of fine and strong sentiment, and he is not apt to love more than once.

I gabbled away a little further back on Mr. Wells and the Mayoralty. Well, I don't know a thing about it only what I hear, and I don't care a rap for it, either, except in so far as it may have a bearing upon us women folks in a social way. I hear that Mrs. Wells is not anxious to be Lady Mayoress again, and that she was grievously disappointed that her husband didn't get more chance to shine during the Fair, but was eclipsed by D. R. F. I hear talk of Stella Wade's father, Festus J. Wade, president of the Mercantile Trust Co. He's a self-made hustler, not stuck on his maker, never forgetful of friends when friends were scarce, and not inclined to feel purse-proud. I hear that the Spencer girls' pa is mentioned, too—Corwin H. Spencer. As a mere matter of girls, I should say that I'd prefer, that I'd rather see Stella's father in. I like Mr. Spencer better than Mr. Wade—he's more lady like—don't you think? Stella's got the Irish spirit in her. She's not wild by any means, but she isn't tame. You can just bet your monogrammed garter buckles that if Mr. Wade were Mayor, Stella would put society to some stufts that would keep it awake. Stella's smart as tacks, but not flip or fresh like so many girls whose daddies are big cheeses. She knows how to dress and how to talk like a rational being. She has wit, and she was a delight when she was brought to the front at the Veiled Prophet's ball. Mr. Wade has some other daughters, I believe, but Stella is the star, all right, all right. But I don't like her father. You know what he said to a friend of mine? No, well I'll tell you. It was at the St. Louis Club, and some one asked him if he'd read those letters of mine that some one filched from your trunk, and sent to the MIRROR. He said: "Oh, those 'Blue Jay Letters'?" and the man said "Yes, what d'ye think of 'em?" Mr. Wade sort of smiled and said, "Wrong bird, my dear fellow." Then the fellow asked what Mr. Wade meant, like a fool, and Mr. Wade said, "Wrong bird. Those letters don't remind me of a Blue Jay at all. They're more remindful of a Red Raven." And then everybody nearly "split" laughing. Can you blame me for not liking a man like that, Jane, no matter how much money he's got?

Speaking of clubs, I've joined the Wednesday Club. Yes, I know you won't believe it, but it's



true, and how I'm ever going to keep up the pace is worrying me to an early grave. Mrs. Richardson got me in—poor lady, her husband, James Richardson, killed himself only a few days afterward. He was depressed over business, and the affair is awfully sad. Everybody is sorry for her, she is so clever. She was Florence Wyman, and is a brilliant litterateur, and those things, you know. But then, all the Wymans are clever, from Frank down, or up, just as you want to put it, and they're all genuine, too. Well, she said I could belong to the Art section, which is the easiest, and, I guess, the most fashionable, for I know some women in that section who don't have to write papers at all—even their husbands don't have to write them—but just go to the meetings and wear their good clothes. But, maybe, I wasn't glad to get in! It beats the other clubs all hollow, and makes you feel awfully intellectual. They are going to discuss the "Sin of David" next meeting. If you're in the Wednesday Club you can discuss all those dreadful wicked and interesting things in which ladies and gentlemen go wrong, and spout poetry and philosophy about it. Mother said she thought a young girl oughtn't to hear such things, but she hasn't read the drama, and won't, either. Anyhow, I'm going. We must inform ourselves, Jane, if we are to stand for the best in life, although, to tell you true, I don't see how the best in life can come out of this thing of one man sending another away to lose his life, so that the first man can get for himself the second man's wife. Neither do I understand exactly why it is that so many frosty females, who couldn't be tempted, or wouldn't know it if they were, can be so devoted to this particular way of getting the best out of the worst things in life. Well, that lovely Mrs. Fischel is president of our club—you notice that I say our club now. Don't you remember blonde Edna Fischel, who is so pretty, and was so terribly popular with all the smart bachelors before she married that big German, Doctor Gerhart? I adore Mrs. Fischel. When she stands up to call the meeting to order, I feel as if she was Joan of Arc, or something like that. It sort of gives me the same feeling when the band plays "Dixie" and the feeling that came over me when I saw a little American flag stuck up in a high window in Tunis that winter we took the Mediterranean trip.

Speaking of clubs, the Apollos gave another concert last week, and maybe they didn't show us what could be done with brains, talent and money. My, but they must have worked hard, for they sang splendidly, and Charlie Galloway, the conductor, just swelled with pride. The Apollos have been getting in a good many new voices lately. It used to be said, you know, that the needle's eye was far easier to pass through than the Apollo Club door, that is, for a fellow who wasn't in society, but I guess that rule won't hold good any more, and that's a good thing for musical art, for too much society will kill anything—even society.

The Union Club had a great time the other night, with a masquerade. I never go down to that South Side club house, as they are very particular about invitations, and don't send any to West End people much. Don't you remember when that old gang with Florence Lucas and Josephine Calhoun, who is now Mrs. Jones—I don't know what Florence's name is now, she has changed it so often—although I believe it's Mrs. Julius Boyer—and all those girls used to be crazy about Union Club balls and masquerades? They had some lively times, too, and probably do still, only we don't hear about them. The papers said

they turned loose a drove of little pigs in the middle of the ball room floor, and that struck me as great. Nobody in Vandeventer place has been smart enough to think of unique schemes like that. But it does smack of Harry Lehr's Newport dog and monkey parties, and a whole lot of other degeneracy, doesn't it? Edgar Lackland, who has dropped out of society lately, probably because he's so busy in law and politics, used to be very clever in this line; more so than almost any other fellow going. I remember those theatrical evenings he used to get up. Some of them were given at the Columbian Club, another of our biggest and richest clubs, Jane, but keeps to its own members of the Jewish persuasion. Jacob Goldman is president, I believe. He has loads of money, and the largest house in Hortense place. He was married a few weeks ago to a Baltimore lady, much to the surprise of his family, though not of others who knew him as a perfectly irrepressible cut-up, and always ready for the youngest kinds of pranks. They say he made fine financial provisions for everybody who might have any reason to protest against the usurper of his heart and that he and she are just going to make things hum in their particular circle. He was a widower for years, with several grown children, and they say every unmarried woman in the Columbian Club set angled for him with her choicest smiles, but it was no use. It's rather strange, but somehow the Columbian doesn't have the belles it used to have on its lists several years ago. You remember that Emma Arnold, whose osculation, with respect to Hobson, has gone down in history, was one of them. I have lost track of her completely. I think she married and moved away. She was awfully stylish, and a handsome girl she was, too, and the greatest living Hebrew, Israel Zangwill, was tremendously taken with her on the occasion of his visit here. Then there was Grace Frank, another girl full of style, and a terrible flirt. They say she was the worst, or should I say the best, coquette the club ever saw. There wasn't a man out there who wasn't crazy about her. She married a New York man named Greenville, and so was lost to St. Louis. Where are the belles of yesterday, and why aren't to-day's belles as lively? But then the Jews don't stick together as they used to do. They don't stick to their own club. They don't care for a sort of ghetto society club. They don't like to be a peculiar people. They go more and more in Gentile society, and they are well liked. There isn't any tendency here to keep Jews and Christians apart. The two races are friendly and close. Why, my dear, you'll see at Rabbi Harrison's or Rabbi Sale's synagogue any Sunday people of all denominations but Jews, for these two are our most fashionable preachers. Dr. Holland is quiescent, and Dr. Boyd has gone away. He "got in bad" through falling out with Folk because the MIRROR accused him of coaching Folk in the boodle political fight, and Folk repudiated the connection. Dr. Boyd was hurt that Folk should turn upon him, and went out and fought for Walbridge against Holy Joe, and then actually went out and legged it over the State to get legislative votes for Dick Kerens for the Senate. Funny, the pious preacher turning on the pious Folk through pique. Funnier still, a righteous preacher hustling for Kerens, the Star Router. Well, now, the man who's to take Boyd's place is Gov. Folk's brother. We're going to be surfeited with Folks. I should think one preacher was enough in the Folk line—for that's all Joe ever did. Oh, I'm no boodler, but then the wicked fellows that Folk's so much better than, are so much more interesting to me. I met Folk.

He's a fish, Jane. Colder than Napoleon. I'd not stack him up against a man like Hawes or Judge Jim McCaffery or Tom Kinney, or any of the fellows who are so wicked. Gimme a sinner, a man who'll cuss a little, or flare up and fight, and even throw in a few drinks. Those pious men that have wheedling voices and slitty eyes—ugh, they make me think of snakes. Rev. Mr. Folk's case seems to be one of making hay while the sun shines. It looks as if the whole Folk family is going to be unloaded on us in one way or another. Folks are turning up just like the Roosevelts did when Teddy come into the ascendant. I hate that sort of thing—but I guess "business is business"—even in being what Elenious Smith would call a "steeple shark" or a "gospel guy."

Last time I wrote you I mentioned Frances Cabanne who was married to Sylvester Scovel, who was a famous correspondent during the Cuban war, and then went up and tried to blast a way over the mountains into the Klondike. Well, only last Saturday the news came that he died. This leaves Frances an interesting widow. I suppose she's settled down now, but before she succumbed to the gallant Sylvester, she was a very lively miss, and her name was always in the papers as about to be married to this fellow or that. She was engaged as often as Florence Lucas in those days, but she came out luckier than Florence in the long run, for Florence has had all the worst of the experiences she's had with marriage and the publicity was "framed" against her. Julia is with Frances in Havana, and I suppose will bring her home after the funeral. I understand that Scovel made a great deal of money as a contractor in Cuba, and I'm sure I hope so. There's nobody money will fit nicer on than a Cabanne of any branch of the family. They are all handsome and all extravagant. That Apollonian Duthiel, you know, got away with all his pretty wife's money—though not in any way in which she was not a thoroughly willing participant—and is now living back in Pennsylvania somewhere, poorer than he and she were, but divil the bit less happy so far as I can learn from some people who have recently seen them.

Your old chum, Mrs. Marion Lambert, is still away. I am reminded of her by a recent luscious picture of her in an Eastern magazine, with a few remarks about her being the most beautiful young woman in St. Louis. She is *there* with the beauty goods, I'll admit, but I don't know that if it was up to me to do it, I'd give the palm to her. We have such a plenty of pretty women, Jane, I'd hate to undertake to give the blue ribbon. I think we might give them all one, just like the Fair people did, you know. They gave a prize to every durned person who exhibited any old thing at the Fair. They come near giving prizes to some of the old Lady Manager hens whose only claim was that they made an exhibition of themselves. Beauties! Why, Jane, you can't count our beauties here. I think Carrie Preetorius and Mrs. Fred Gardner might have something to say on this here beauty question. They travel in a team now—or do we say they hunt as a pair?—and they can't help knowing how much everybody admires them. Mrs. Sam Thompson is another pretty woman. I've known her ever since she was a little girl, and she was always pretty. She can ornament a theater box better than most anybody in this here town, where girls are afraid to sit in boxes, probably because boys are afraid to pay the price. They say beautiful blondes are growing scarce, but we have them still in stock in old St. Louis. Mrs.

Will Stanard is in this class, and way up in G she is, too. Mrs. Bob Sturgeon is another of the genuine Dresden type; Anna Koehler's in that class, too, and Mrs. Jannopoulo is still another in this category, and very handsome, while Mrs. Lawrence Mauran, who was Isabel Chapman, you remember, is an exquisite dainty blonde creature, who's just dotty about that hubby of hers, who's turning out to be a real thing in his profession, and a sort of genius in spite of his fashionability. Nellie Tracy, Mrs. Charles Tracy's daughter, is on the blonde order, but not so light as Caroline Lackland, who's the real Saxon article to my manner of thinking. Then Mr. and Mrs. William C. Little have a daughter who is as good looking a blonde as I've seen. Bessie Clark, who is now Mrs. Henry Boeckeler. Emma Whitaker Davis is another fair-haired woman who is pretty. The Kennard girls are all blondes and fairly pretty, though Salees, the oldest, who is dark, is my choice for looks. Mrs. Stribling, in the matron class, is hard pushed for blonde beauty by Mrs. Dr. Laidley, and don't let me forget our dear Mrs. Julius S. Walsh, who is in mourning. She will be beautiful till she's a hundred. I saw a picture of her the other day at a popular gallery, and it's the finest thing I ever laid eyes on. She looked like the Empress Eugenie, when the latter was young, only more beautiful. Mrs. Walsh's neck and shoulders are perfect. Her daughters are all pretty. Mrs. Billy Maffitt, another blonde, takes me. The little Benoist girl, you remember—Violet was her name—is a sweet blonde with eyes like her name. I saw a tall, golden-haired girl at the theater a few nights ago, and I asked Stewart Stickney, who knows everybody, who she was, and he said her name was Miss Armstrong. She is a lovely creature, with her hair all gently waved, and it fairly sparkled under the electric lights. Stewart's sister, Mildred, is another girl in the roster of blondes. But this'll do for the present. I must postpone till later a letter in which I shall endeavor to catalogue some of the other fine-looking women we've on our social lists.

Society has been greatly amused of late over the efforts of one of the fashionable herd to get a socially ambitious relative over the bars into the magic circle. The society woman has a fixed position, but her protegee, a relative by marriage, is just emerging from obscurity. For some reason the work of boosting this "climber" up the ladder seems exceedingly arduous. Every step of the way involves great effort. The society woman has given a good many luncheons and teas to which the candidate for social honors is always invited, and now and then an invitation is obtained for her to some large affair given by an intimate friend, but "the quality" is giving no encouragement. It is slow and tedious work. It seems as though our fashionables are really making an effort to become exclusive. I have heard it said that there is nobody quite so exclusive as the "climber" who has arrived. Perhaps the arrived "climber" now predominates in the social push and is making it hard for all who are on the other side of the fence. What a delightful comedy!

Our society men are once more the subject of harsh criticism. One of the fair Easterners who is now sojourning here says that physically they are the worst specimens of manhood she has ever seen, and she is familiar with the society of all the big American cities. It is not only with their physique that she finds fault; the St. Louis society men are full of fatal imperfections in her opinion. She

surely wouldn't have said that if she had ever seen Broker Hugh C. Rose in his glad rags promenading on the boulevard on a bright Sunday afternoon. She pronounces their clothes archaic, their manners impossible, and their personality flat, stale and unprofitable. A local society girl has challenged the impeachment, and suggested that it was rather odd that the caustic critic seems to find great delight in the companionship of the unattractive St. Louisan, for at every affair she has been seen in a sequestered nook with one of the unpolished beaux.

The St. Louis society man is surely not distinguished for his gallantry. He is not even conventionally polite, a fact that was painfully exemplified at one of the private dances given recently. It was at the home of one of our "best" families. The two daughters of the house were radiant with glad expectation, feeling no doubt that as they were dispensing the hospitality of the occasion they would have partners for every dance. Convention imposes on every man the obligation to ask his hostess to dance at least once, but at this affair tradition was

ignored. The girls of the house were invited to dance only at intervals. They were very much chagrined, I am told, and will never permit their parents to give another ball. I spoke to one of the boys about all this, and he said that the rumor that both girls were matrimonially mortgaged already, had probably something to do with it, but otherwise the explanation was simple. The boys don't dance, he said, because they come to most affairs all slewed and stewed. They can navigate straightaway all right, but when it comes to swinging and swirling around on a slippery floor, they're cautious. If they aren't slewed when they come, they get there before long. If there isn't any budge on public tap, they have it in bottles in their overcoat pockets, and sneak up to the coat room and swig it. The boys must be getting to be awful tanks. Which leads me to remark about drinking in society—but I won't. Everybody drones on that subject, till we're tired of it. There is lots of drinking, and affairs are mighty stiff when there isn't, and some of the girls couldn't bear some of the men a holy minute if they didn't sort of brace up for it with a highball or some fizz. No more for the present.

BLUE JAY.

## The Bombshell

From the French of Victorien Sardou

NEW YEAR'S Day and its customary gifts always remind me of an incident during the Siege of Paris, which I recall with a distinct feeling of pleasurable pride.

Let my readers be reassured, however. I am not about to lead them to the beleaguered ramparts of the city, nor to the outposts, but simply to the Rue de Trevis, to the home of my old friend Dutailly, a rich merchant, husband of a most excellent wife, father of a charming daughter, a clever business man, a good patriot, somewhat of a crank as regards politics, but one of the best men in the world and a good friend always.

Surprised by the investment of Paris just as he was packing his trunks to depart, the worthy man consoled himself with the belief that the city would not be held a week. Mme. Dutailly, better advised, hastened to lay in such a stock of provisions that even had the siege lasted three months longer the Dutaillys would never have known what famine meant. She concluded her wise work by turning her garden into a cow pasture, a hen farm and a residence for pigs, which, three months later, were worth their weight in gold.

When the autumn came and the siege still continued her family rose up and called her blessed, and so did I, for I dined twice a week with the Dutaillys and on Thursdays and Sundays I made up for the privations of the rest of the week. There are no words worthy to express my emotion at the sight of a real omelette, one which was not the mere fiction of a dream, and my Sunday dinners became like enchanted feasts to me.

I was not the only guest at this hospitable table. There was another seat placed beside mine. This was for young Anatole Brichaut, head clerk in the big store and Dutailly's future partner and son-in-law.

He was an honest lad, a trifle melancholy and rather timid, but deeply and sincerely in love with his chief's daughter, Mlle. Gertrude, who did not appear insensible to his affection, although it was not as yet an acknowledged fact, that the Dutaillys thought sufficiently well of the probable marriage to receive the young man constantly at their house.

Unfortunately, the war proved the obstacle in the course of true love. Brichaut, a corporal in the corps of the Seine, did his duty as a soldier methodically and conscientiously, but without enthusiasm and consequently without glory.

This indifference exasperated the honest merchant. He was constantly predicting decisive victories for the French troops. Brichaut, incredulous, timidly offered various objections, and later, when the victories unhappily proved grave defeats, Dutailly felt that it was all the work of his chief clerk.

The presence of a new guest at the table complicated matters still further. One evening, arriving rather late, I was surprised to find my seat already occupied by a stranger, with red cheeks and very broad shoulders and an air of great bravado. He wore a Captain's stripes sewed on a uniform that must have been looted from some theater and enormous boots which proclaimed to all the world that a hero trod in them.

"M. Robillard," said Dutailly, introducing us, "the Captain of the famous Lost Children of Courbevoie."

I had heard of the Captain. His exploits consisted of removing from deserted houses in the outskirts of the city furniture and valuables which might otherwise have awakened the cupidity of the enemy and storing them in safe places quite without the knowledge of the owners.

I wondered how this brute with his bristling mustaches had ever succeeded in forming part of our family party when Mme. Dutailly explained, with much emotion, what had occurred. Just at dusk she had fallen quite heavily on one of the icy boulevards and Robillard, who was passing, ran to her assistance and helped her home. Grateful for his prompt aid, the lady felt that she could do no less than invite him to dinner, an invitation which the Captain was very ready to accept.

M. Robillard was clearly no fool. He knew how to make himself agreeable, although his conceit was colossal.

According to his stories, his prowess at the head



# Nugent's

## New Dress Goods for 1905!

New and striking weaves, just unpacked. Be sure to see these when you're down town next time.

### Brodie Tweed—

A medium-weight 38-inch material—broken-check effects in rich color combinations, such as reseda and champagne, steel and pearl, golden and tan, gray and white, etc.—a splendid goods for shirt-waist suits—Introductory Price, per yard ..... **50c**

### Black Panama—

38-inch, all-wool, in medium weight, with a crispy finish that is easily shirred, tucked or pleated—a new and very serviceable black goods—Introductory Price ..... **50c**

### Mohair Granite—

A 52-inch firmly woven all-wool material for early spring, having a crinkled effect, in new shades of oxblood, Napoleon, Havana, castor, navy, etc.—Introductory Price, per yard ..... **75c**

### Ardrossan Tweed—

A 52-inch medium-weight goods, with a high, lasting finish, in handsome novelty mixtures, broken checks and neat designs—very stylish for coat suits—Introductory Price, per yard ..... **\$1.25**

## B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Co.,

Broadway, Washington Ave.  
and St. Charles Street.

of the Lost Children had been unequalled. With a few other leaders like himself the war would have been ended long before.

Mme. Dutailly listened eagerly to his blatant stories, her husband applauded them enviously; Mlle. Gertrude alone proved indifferent. As for the poor little corporal, paler and more timid looking than ever, in his coat which was three sizes too large and, moreover, suffering from a bad cold in the head, which always makes a man ridiculous, he seemed completely crushed by his overpowering neighbor.

As soon as dinner was over I invented an excuse to leave the house, bored by the graceless lies of the vulgar Captain, to whom I fervently hoped I had said farewell forever. But this hope was doomed to a bitter disappointment. The following Sunday I found him in the same place, again on Thursday. Finally, his place was regularly spread.

The Dutaillys were completely fascinated, Madame because the tender gallantry shown her by Robillard never fails to affect ladies of her age, and Papa Dutailly because of the interest the dashing Captain took in his warlike predictions. Anatole, his cold worse than ever, lost ground visibly at each meal.

One day the corporal was obliged to keep to his bed, and for several weeks he was absent from our repast. During this time the Captain boldly made known his aspirations for the hand of Mlle. Gertrude, and his advances were not repulsed by her parents.

The day Anatole, convalescent and thin as a pipe stem, returned to our weekly dinners it seemed to me that the young lady's pretty eyes were red and that there must have been some dispute during the day between her and her mother, now completely infatuated with her Robillard. I felt that the time had come to interfere in the interest of these poor children. It happened to be the last Sunday in the year, and naturally we fell to talking of New Year's Day, which we were to spend together.

"Upon my word, dear madame," cried the Captain. "I must prepare some surprise with which to offer you my good wishes for the New Year."

It was this remark that gave me the idea, of my own.

On the 1st of January Dutailly received us with open arms. A glorious victory had been foretold by his favorite paper and the obstinate patriot was delighted.

Anatole brought with him a rabbit, which he had trapped himself. As for the Captain, he presented to Mme. Dutailly a large bag of marrons glacés, encased in a German helmet.

"What!" she exclaimed, almost speechless with admiration. "Did you kill him?"

"Expressly for your fair sake," replied Robillard, striking an attitude, "expressly and entirely that his helmet might serve as a box for your bonbons!"

"Dear me," said I, "I am not so bold as to try to rival such a man as the Captain, but I, too, have prepared a little surprise."

"I wonder what it can be?" cried Mme. Dutailly as the servant brought in a large package.

"It is a bombshell, dear madame," I replied. "Dutailly has told me several times that he would like to have one, a real one, and at my request Rolland, commanding the battery, sent me one." As I spoke, I removed the paper and the shell appeared, black, sinister and menacing.

"Gracious" objected my hostess, "what if it should explode!"

"Do not be uneasy," I hastened to say, "Of course, Rolland would not have sent me any but an empty shell. Besides, here is his letter."

I opened a note, which lay beside the bomb, but as I read it my face must have expressed surprise and then consternation, for my friends exclaimed anxiously:

"Is anything the matter?"

"Gracious powers! why—but listen——" and I read:

Dear Friend: Here is the bombshell you asked for. It has been impossible for me just now to get hold of an armorer to empty it, but if you will take it to the Avenue de l'Opera the man there can do it. Let me warn you to use the greatest precaution, the slightest shock or jar will cause the shell to explode.  
Yours, R.

A shriek of fright filled the room.

"Take it away!" screamed Mme. Dutailly. "It is frightful! A bombshell in my parlor! Horrible!"

"The man who brought it has gone," said the servant, his red cheeks white.

"Then," said I, "I will take it."

"I forbid you," exclaimed Dutailly quickly. "You are not strong enough to carry that heavy thing all the way from here to the Avenue de l'Opera. You might drop it anywhere—on the stairs—in the vestibule!"

Mme. Dutailly clutched hold of my coat-tails.

"Not you," she implored, "it is too dangerous!"

"Besides," added her husband, "this is the deed of a soldier, of a brave soldier! Fortunately, the Captain is here."

"I?" stammered the heroic leader of the Lost Children, turning pale. "A bombshell? The devil! Can't you wait and have it taken away to-morrow?"

"What?" shrieked Mme. Dutailly, "I could not close my eyes all night with that thing here!"

Then Anatole said quietly: "Do not be uneasy, dear madame, I will take the shell."

But Dutailly stopped him.

"Impossible, my dear fellow—your arm, you know!"

"Yes, indeed," I added, "it is not a thing for a man with a wounded arm to attempt."

"I have perfect confidence in the Captain, however," said Dutailly. "Come, sir, take away this monster and rid us of such a terrible nightmare. We all know your prowess!"

The Captain looked unhappy, but he was not to be disconcerted for so little.

"Delighted to be of service," he said, "but I could not think of carrying it over these icy streets. I will go and get my friend's carriage where he is dining just around the corner, at Brebant's, and will return in ten minutes."

"Do hurry," begged Mme. Dutailly, "I shall be in agony until it is out of the house."

The Captain hastened out of the room. Judging from the noise on the stairs, it was evident that he was literally hurrying.

Without appearing to have any special purpose in mind, I walked over to the window.

"It would have been so simple to have let me take it," murmured Anatole.

"Don't say such a thing," cried Dutailly, surprised at the young man's quiet courage. "It is much better for the Captain to see to it."

"If he only will not be long," groaned his wife.

"There is no use to wait for him," I remarked from my position by the window. "He will never come back."

"Never come back?" they all cried.

"No," I said. "Had he gone to Brebant's he would have turned to the left. Instead, he went to the right, and he seemed to be walking very quickly, too."

"What can it mean?" they cried again.

"It means, my dear friends," I said quietly, "that the Captain is a mere impostor, whom I rejoice to have exposed by this contrivance on the table."

And seizing a photograph album, I struck a violent blow upon the bombshell, which exploded in a thousand fragments—of chocolate! The candies inside were scattered in all directions. A burst of laughter followed this explosion, and, I may say, this denouement!

For, three months later, Anatole married Mlle. Gertrude.

And of the Captain, nothing more!



## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

CROCEAN BUSINESS METHODS.

St. Louis, February 7, 1905.  
To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

One of the local papers has been publishing a set of proverb puzzles on its advertising pages, and asks the expected contestants to furnish a twenty-five-word essay on the theme "What is a Want Ad?" The query is timely. The answer is more problematical than the pictured proverbs. Can anyone turn to the classified ad pages of some of our papers and specify which are advertisements and which are fakes? The merry war now raging between these papers has reached the small ad columns and where advertisers have not been found, they have been created. The expansion in supposed "wants" is amazing. Have you noticed how one evening paper, which formerly had scarcely any of this profitable "copy," now has pages bursting with column after column of short "wants"—to which no addresses are attached, the writers modestly hiding behind numerical and alphabetical newspaper addresses. Another, a staid and phlegmatic old morning paper, sometimes forgets to "throw out" an ad after its pay period has expired, and is increasing its allotment of "no address" notices. There are going to be some remarkable figures published when our worthy journals begin to boast of the amount of "advertising" they have printed.

It would be no matter of your concern or mine were it not working a grievous hardship on the unsophisticated who are seeking employment through those columns. Valuable time and precious money is wasted on the replies sent in. What is done with these replies? Are they burned with a grin or are they peddled among the employment agencies? Some of our dailies seem bent upon building a fictitious prestige at the expense of those who can least afford it—the unemployed seeking employment.

Yours,  
JUSTIN TOWNE.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE SINGLE TAX LEAGUE.

St. Louis, Mo., February 4, 1905.  
To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

I see by the last two issues of THE MIRROR, that you are wrestling with the question, whether Henry George got his ideas, as expressed in "Progress and Poverty," from that gifted and brilliant Irishman, James Fintan Lalor, or from Patrick Edward Dove. You might have remembered our old friend Moses, who put his stamp of approval on the common ownership of land, as the only means of establishing equal opportunity to all and of abolishing involuntary poverty.

To my mind it does not matter whether George read Moses' Land Laws, or not, or Dove's "Theory of Human Progression," Spencer's "Social Statics" or Lalor's pamphlets. One thing stands out plain. Those men saw the great urgency in the private ownership of land, but George was the only one of them that laid out a working programme. *Abolish other taxes and put a tax on land values* "and the people

saw and understood," as Paul, when he saw the sign in the heavens. Of all the writers on the subject before George, Lalor, to my mind, has stated the question clearer and better than any other. hear him:

"What will it avail the Irish people that the Parliament be held in Dublin or in London, if still the landlord class make the laws. The change is not worth the expenditure of one penny, or the loss of one drop of blood. The land of every country belongs to all the people of that country, and that, and only that, is worth fighting for."

How was he to gain the desired end, the equal division of the land, so all would have a holding of like value? Not he nor Dove nor Spencer nor Moses divined the remedy, and it was never in the whole progress of the race stated how it could be done until forty years after Lalor, when George gave the plan to waiting humanity—showed clearly how it could be done by taxing land values. Now you will see that this takes no honor from the wonderfully gifted Lalor, but only adds to the greatness of the Irishman, who among all the patriots and agitators, of which Ireland has produced so many, was the only one who clearly saw the only solution of the Great Irish Question. He saw what was the real trouble, and that settled, the Irish Question was settled forever.

Yours truly,

S. M. RYAN.

"THE HENRY GEORGE IDEA."

St. Louis, February 7, 1905.  
To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

"There is nothing new under the sun." We must go farther back than Lalor or Dove or Spencer or Carlyle for the first expression of the moral and sociological basis of the Henry George idea. We can find it theologically presented in the Old Testament.

"The land shall not be sold forever." Lev. 25-23.

"Moreover, the profit of the earth is for all." Eccl. 5-9.

John Locke saw the truth. He quotes the 16th verse of the 115th Psalm, "The earth hath He given to the children of men," and adds, "given it to mankind in common."

"As much land as a man tills, plants, improves, cultivates and can use the product of, so much is his property. He, by his labor, does, as it were, enclose it from the common."

Locke continues:

"God gave the world to men in common; but since He gave it for their benefit, and the greatest conveniences of life they were capable to draw from it, it cannot be supposed He meant it should always remain common and uncultivated. He gave it to the use of the industrious and rational (and labor was to be his title to it); not to the fancy or covetousness of the quarrelsome and contentious."

To this Professor Ogilvie adds:

"Nor yet that it should be appropriated in such a manner as that, when not more than half cultivated, and further cultivation and improvement should be stopped short, and the industry of millions willing to employ themselves in rendering the earth more fertile should be excluded from its proper field, and denied any parcel of the soil, on which it could be exercised, with security of reaping its full produce and just reward. This title to an equal share of property in

## The J. Bolland Jewelry Co.,

Diamond and Gem Merchants, Gold and Silversmiths, Stationers and Dealers in

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We call special attention to our large stock of rich gem jewelry in original designs for the fall and winter seasons.

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SPECIAL AFTER  
THEATER SERVICE.MUSIC FROM NOON  
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N. D. LAUGHLIN, MANAGER,  
FORMERLY OF MISSOURI ATHLETIC CLUB.

N. E. COR. 7TH AND LOCUST STS.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

land is a Birthright which every citizen still retains.

Long before Henry George was heard of, Lowell bore unconscious testimony to the justice of his theory. In one of his early letters, referring to the decline in his income, he says he has had to lower the rent of one of his farms, while for the other he has received no rent, because he hasn't had the face to ask it, believing that "the man who cultivates a farm has a better right to its product than the man who merely inherited it."

But leaving out of account the sages and prophets of old, and later writers who presented the idea incidentally, Henry George was not the first man in modern times to uphold the equal right of every child born into the world to its share of its native land.

At the time that the American War of Independence was being fought, there lived and wrote in the land of Burns one William Ogilvie, a professor in Aberdeen, known as "the gentleman and scholar." In 1782 he issued a more fundamental Declaration of Independence than that written by Jefferson. It was entitled an "Essay on the Right of Property in Land," etc. So far as I know, he was the first man to publish a book on man's birthright in the land. This book, however, whether read by George or not, does not take from the great American the credit of his plan for realizing, without revolution, the most fundamental and far-reaching of all reforms, the restoration of every human being to his birthright. The principle involved was perceived by great think-

ers ages ago; but George was the first to devote his life to this evangel and to show the economic method for accomplishing this great moral and sociological reform.

Professor Ogilvie's book naturally received little attention in an age when human slavery was an accepted institution. In 1891 the work was reprinted at the Aberdeen University Press, edited by D. C. MacDonald, with an introduction and biographical notes. The publishers are Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. I am sorry to think that the existence of this volume is unknown to most of your readers. If, however, they have read "Progress and Poverty," they have got all that is in Ogilvie's book and more. If they have not read "Progress and Poverty," they have missed one of the greatest works of the nineteenth century.

FRED'K M. CRUNDEN.

A LAW-STUDENT'S COMPLAINT.

St. Louis, Feb. 9, 1905.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

Knowing well that you are the defender of right and pursuer of justice, many reputable students of law are very anxious for you to take up the subject of examinations as conducted before our Circuit Court for admission to the bar.

It seems under the plea of advanced education a weapon of terror is wielded to create consternation, so that none but such as have attended colleges wherein certain connections are plainly evident, can hope to have any consideration. It is a well-known fact that the various boards of lawyers provide a farcical ex-



amination of simple questions, and in most instances announce the examination closed to the entire class because of incompetency. Then some creature proposes to advise that they come back for another examination, where they are treated likewise. It is becoming monotonous to the students; in most cases they have become disgusted for the reason that the questions were promptly replied to. Were Mr. Lincoln upon earth at this time and had the misfortune to come before this board, no doubt, his fate would have been likewise, and the nation would have lost a true defender. History reveals that lawyers are born not made, and we beg that you take the matter up with some court and make an investigation for it seems there is no square deal, and that a new law would be most earnestly desired. Very respectfully,

S. G. R.

IVAN WHIN SMITES OUR SOLAR PLEXUS.

St. Louis, February 8, 1905.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

Having been ill, I missed your assault on the Ivan Whin stories in the *Post-Dispatch*. To-day I enjoyed reading it. You are as much of a bigot, I fear, as the papas who run the public libraries. They cannot understand the great class of Americans whose poverty made them wage earners before they gained more than an elementary knowledge of the three Rs. They believe, too, that all literature (or rather all fiction) should be written in book-language, that uninvolved story telling is bad form, if not wholly vicious.

The stories are not written for you, who have the training of mind which enables you to find pleasure in Horace and in Hauptmann, in Verlaine and Maeterlinck, in D'Annunzio and Wilde; nor even for those who love the analysis of George Eliot and Howells or the fantasies of Stockton and Craigie. They were written for those who love the melodrama, whose literary education has only progressed so far as appreciation of its convention, and who do not analyze or deduce, but needs must have their stories within the safe lines of the old moralities.

In your intellectual bigotry, in your aristocracy of cultivated taste, such stories are contemptible. Why? Because it is one of the conventions of your caste to be contemptuous of that which is universally understood. You say of the simple, conventionally built tale that it is rot because that is a convention of the guild in which you have enrolled yourself. You sharpen your wit on it and make cutting phrases which are half quotation and half paraphrase of the bookish authors you adore. Simple facts of every-day life have no charm for you; the ordinary catastrophes are not strong enough for you. You demand a wrecked genius known of all the world writing the grotesquerie of Reading Gaol.

I know the conventions of the bookish, the "well read," and know also the vast army of those who are not of that ilk, but to whom I may appeal in quietly told, cleanly tales that are mere transcripts of life as it appears to them and

to me. They cannot understand you, but they read my stories and ask for more.

IVAN WHIN.

SHE REPENTS.

St. Louis, February 9 1905.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

A letter from me appears in your paper of to-day in which I make two "kicks." I want to withdraw one of them.

I am no longer in sympathy with the servant girl. "Winnie," my girl, whom I had in mind when I wrote, has treated me badly.

They don't appreciate sympathy. If you are severe, they say you are mean, and if you are kind, the Lord knows you are "easy." I have decided that it must be frowns instead of smiles if the steak's to be done to a turn, and instead of raising their, or rather the girl's, wages, you must tell her to "go to hell." She won't go. She'll just stay and work better than ever. Repentantly,

B. L. R.

\*\*\*

## JACK HARKAWAY

Jack Harkaway! Jack Harkaway!

It's many years alack,

Since we were joyous kids and read

The chronicles of Jack.

The merry pranks he played at school,

And jolly larks he had,

Endeared the handsome English boy

To every Yankee lad.

But mostly for his fistic skill

And that "sledgehammer blow"

With which he tapped the bully's nose

And laid the coward low,

And for his brave and dauntless front

To plunge into the fray,

And fight against tremendous odds,

We loved Jack Harkaway!

Jack Harkaway! Jack Harkaway!

Where'er his course might tend,

Dick Harvey was his bosom chum

And ever faithful friend,

And there was blue-eyed Emily,

Of whom he was the beau,

And Hunston of the evil eye,

His rival and his foe,

And Monday, the devoted black,

And old Professor Mole,

Whose amiable weakness lay

In swigging of the bowl,

And fierce Barboni of the hills,

The bandit brought to bay

Beneath the blue Italian skies

By bold Jack Harkaway!

Jack Harkaway! Jack Harkaway!

Oh, how at noon we tore

Each Wednesday for the boys and girls

To Cyrus Tooley's store!

Nor have I ever met the man

Who was an urchin then

And did not read the masterpiece

Of that entrancing pen,

But many a mother's hostile frown

Condemned her hungry boy

In sneaky woodsheds to devour

The interdicted joy,

And many a tyke the teacher caught,

And made him rue the day

He tried to read beneath his desk

Of brave Jack Harkaway!

Jack Harkaway! Jack Harkaway!

## ARTISTIC

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## Louis James' Letter

To JUDGE &amp; DOLPH DRUG CO., 515 Olive Street, Saint Louis.

From America's Eminent Tragedian,

LOUIS JAMES.

*St. Paul Mirror Aug 8 1904*

*Dear Sir*

*Many Thanks for Cold Cream - Excellent in every way.*

*Yours truly*

*Louis James.*

*Judge & Dolph*

*St. Louis - Mo*

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And voiceless now this many a year  
His gallant English quill;  
And nowhere on the starry peaks  
And pinnacles of fame  
Has time a proud memorial raised  
To Bracebridge Hemming's name;  
But could each boy that he endeared  
To that lone grave repair,  
In fond remembrance piously  
To drop one blossom there,  
A mountain beautiful and sweet  
Of flowers would hide the clay  
Where moulders in the dust the hand  
That wrote Jack Harkaway!

—John Ludlow in New York Herald.

\*\*\*

Mr. Joseph Choate was one of the  
over-Sunday guests at a certain great  
country house and found next to him at

breakfast a very young, very inexperienced, but also very pretty, daughter of his native land. The English custom of serving boiled eggs in tiny cups, from which one eats out of the egg itself, troubled this little traveler immensely, and at last, with a gasp of dismay, she turned to the diplomat with:  
"Oh, Mr. Choate, whatever shall I do? I've dropped an egg!"  
"Cackle, my dear, cackle," came the answer.

\*\*\*

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## LITERARY NOTES

An exceptionally good mystery story, one that holds the reader a willing captive until he has finished the last page, is Miss L. Dougall's "The Summit House Mystery," fresh from the press of Funk and Wagnalls of New York. Not only is it interesting in plot and character, but its refreshing departure from the conventional in mystery or detective tale writing, in many instances give it a decided charm. There is no severe strain put upon credulity. Everything is, or appears, quite real and plausible. None of the characters is at all unreal. They are just plain men and women in a most delightfully intricate plot, through which runs a decidedly winning tale of love and tragedy. The scenes are laid in the mountains of Georgia and the mystery has to do with two tragedies, one of which in particular, has put a blight upon two wealthy Northern girls, sisters, who have come to live there in seclusion. One of the sisters has been tried and acquitted of the murder of her father and stepmother in the face of strong circumstantial evidence, and the other has secretly cherished the belief that she was guilty and a homicidal maniac. The unraveling of this and another tragedy, proving the innocence of the woman, against her will, furnishes material for many interesting chapters. "The Summit House Mystery" is a well told tale and no doubt will find many readers. Its price is \$1.50.

The only complaint the average reader might find after he had finished "The Mysterious Mr. Sabin," the newest and one of the best of Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim's stories, is perhaps that there is not enough of it. There are 400 or more pages, but such is the labyrinthian intricacy and changefulness of plot, incident and escapade that the reader finds himself struggling in vain to solve in the advance the mystery of Mr. Sabin's identity and the fate of the fair Helene, the heroine of the tale. The reader is introduced to these two characters in a London restaurant. Then the story plunges into a variety of crimes, a collection of mysteries, including international complications and diplomatic intrigues, a period of love, a spell of golf, and eventually ends on American soil with a surprising denouement. The book is good reading these gloomy days. It is full of action and surprises. It is from the press of Little-Brown & Company, of Boston. The price is \$1.50 per copy.

"America's Aid to Germany in 1870-71," in German and English text, is a volume by Adolph Hepner, editor of the *Abend Anzeiger*, the perusal of which will do a great deal to more firmly cement the good feeling already existing between the United States and Germany and to promote good American citizenship among Germans immigrating to this country. The work is an abstract of the official correspondence of E. B. Washburne, who was United States Ambassador at Paris during the Franco-Prussian war and who looked

after the interests of German residents in the French capital. Mr. Hepner, the compiler, contributes an introductory chapter setting forth the great task that devolved upon Ambassador Washburne at the time and showing how his adroit handling of the many vexing problems and questions proved equally as beneficial to the French as the Germans, despite the fact that there were on either side persons that doubted his honesty of purpose and deed. Mr. Hepner's book is timely, interesting and valuable. The price per copy is \$1.50.

"Hope Hathaway," by Frances Parker, is a stirring romance of Montana ranch life, which recently issued from the press of the C. M. Clark Publishing Company of Boston. The author is thoroughly conversant with the country and characters of life of which she writes and has put forth a good, readable tale. The book is illustrated by Charles M. Russell, the cowboy artist, who has gained considerable praise for his pictures of Western life, especially those of ranch scenes. Accompanying each volume as a sort of souvenir are eight duplicates of the drawings in the story the same size as the originals. Each picture bears the artist's autograph. The price of the volume is \$1.50.

"Socialism in Brief" is the title of a somewhat timely pamphlet by William L. Garver of Chillicothe, Mo. The pamphlet is intended to better enlighten the people on the doctrines of Socialism and explains the difference between it and other political parties and movements. Now that Socialism is occupying the attention of so many people, Mr. Garver's pamphlet will be found valuable as the basis for a better understanding of the problems and issues. Its price is only 10 cents per copy. The booklet was produced by Mr. Garver himself.

## THE MAGAZINES.

The *Cosmopolitan* for February is as usual abreast of the times in the spread of instructive and entertaining special articles, its short stories, illustrations and other features. Among the leading contributions are "The American Wife in Europe," which affords another and somewhat new picture of our "girls" abroad, by the author of "The Highway;" "The Early Days of Christian Missions in Japan," with illustrations by Gustave Verbeek from old prints, by Adachi Kinnosuke; "Henrik Ibsen: Philosopher or Poet," by William Archer; "The Development of Nome," by Alfred H. Dunham; "The Art of Wooing," by Elizabeth M. Gilmer; a review of the country's boot and shoe industry, by William R. Stewart; "Her Romance," by John Drexel Turner; "An Algological Love Story," by Herbert D. Ward, and "Barbaric Pearl and Gold," by Julian D. Hawthorne. Other contributors are John Brisben Walker, Elbert Hubbard, Holman F. Day, Roland Corthell, John B. Tabb and Virginia Woodward Cloud.

There are no dull or uninteresting pages in *Smart Set* for March. Of the dozen short stories, about half are by authors who are either new to the maga-

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zine's readers or are just coming into prominence. And all these stories are readable. Among the best is a humorous contribution, "A Venial Offense," by Norvell Harrison; Beatrix Demorest Lloyd's dramatic story, "A Man Unlearned" and Frances Aymar Mathews' society satire, "The Transit of a Soul." William Hamilton Osborne, Kate Jordan, Van Tassel Sutphen, Clinton Dangerfield, Julia Foster and Algernon Tassen are the other story contributors. Harold McGrath's complete novel "The Princess Elopes," it goes without saying is easily the leading fiction feature, and Maurice Frances Egan's essay on social precedence at Washington will prove of great interest to the social set. In poetry *Smart Set* offers the work of Madison Cawein, Zona Gale, Arthur Stringer, Florence Wilkinson, Gouverneur Morris, Edith M. Thomas, R. K. Munkittrick and John Vance Cheney.

The *International Studio* for February is as beautiful and interesting as ever. It is handsomely illustrated and printed. Among the contributed articles are "A Russian Painter: W. Pourwit," by Mary Illyne; "The Work of Claude Hayes," by Mrs. Percy Leake; "The Work of F. Derwent Wood," by W. K. West; "A Note on Some Recent Work by Hans Von Bartels," by L. Van der Veer; "Dutch Art at the St. Louis Exposition," by Maude I. G. Oliver; "Dr. Figdor's Collection of Old Chairs," by A. S. Levetus; "Studio Talk," by Correspondents from London, Leeds, Dublin, Kiel and Paris; "The Art of Carl Guthertz," who was

long connected with the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts, by Lillian Whiting; "Blashfield's Mural Decorations in the Capital of Minnesota," by James William Pattison, and several other articles on arts and crafts. One of the handsome features of the publication is the supplements, of which there are six in colors.

"Jenny," the famous realistic poem by the mystic pre-Raphaelite poet, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, has been issued as a neat and chastely artistic pamphlet by the Mangan Press, Third and Locust streets, St. Louis. It is not for sale, but is circulated by the publisher as an advertisement of his print shop. As such it is effective, indeed, for the typographical treatment is worthy of the subject which is a man's reverie over the exhausted daughter-of-joy, who has been his companion of a night and lies asleep as he prepares to depart. It is a piece of very human philosophy and sentiment, a favorite with all lovers of poetry and the publisher will, doubtless, find himself swamped with requests for copies. It is an "ad" that will long be treasured.

New books received by the MIRROR from Richard K. Badger of Boston: Poetry—"The Dawn of Freedom, or the Last Days of Chivalry," by Charles Henry St. John; "Songs for Moments of Hope," by Clara T. Vester; "Contrasted Songs," by Marian Longfellow; "April Days," by Luella Clark, and "As Thought is Led," by Alice K. Van Buren.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



## GRATUITOUS PLEASANTRIES

"You must be going out to see the girl," observed the friendly tobacconist to the young man who had just purchased a cigar.

"What's that?" asked the young man, sharply, pausing in the act of lighting his Havana second.

His manner was disconcerting, but the tobacconist repeated his surmise. "You're fixed up so," he added. "Flower in your buttonhole, mustache curled. You're looking all right."

"I didn't ask you how I looked," said the young man, morosely. "I came in here to buy me a smoke."

"That's all right," said the tobacconist, soothingly. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelin's. There ain't any harm in a feller going to see a girl as I know of. I've done it myself."

"I may be going to sit up with a sick grandmother, for all you know," said the young man, in nowise placated. "If I get my mustache curled I guess it's my business."

"Sure. That's all right."

"I don't know whether it is or not. I didn't get fresh about your bald spot when I came in here."

"You don't need to get mad about it," said the tobacconist.

"If I want to wear a flower I guess it's my privilege," continued the young man. "I may wear a flower every day in the week and two on Sunday. You don't know. You never saw me before, as I know of. You've probably got me mixed up with somebody you went to school with, the way you talk."

"I'll take it all back," said the tobacconist.

"You'd better not bring it out the next time," said the young man with a threatening shake of the head. "You can't make a monkey of me, I want to tell you. You're a josh, you are. You must think that line o' talk is a trade getter. If I've got a girl I don't remember introducing her to you. How would it be if you tended to your cigar business? Say, if you've got any friends you must josh them something fierce."

"Now, see here—" began the tobacconist.

"If you've got anything to say about my necktie you might as well get it off your mind," said the young man. "Maybe you'd like to know about the girl, too."

"No, sir, I don't," said the tobacconist, wrathfully. "I don't care a hang about her or about you. You can go and see her or you can stay away from her, just as you dern please, just so long as you get out of this store. A man may have a grouch, but he can't rub it into me, more than about so much."

The young man turned to the cigar lighter and lit his cigar with ostentatious deliberation. At the door he turned.

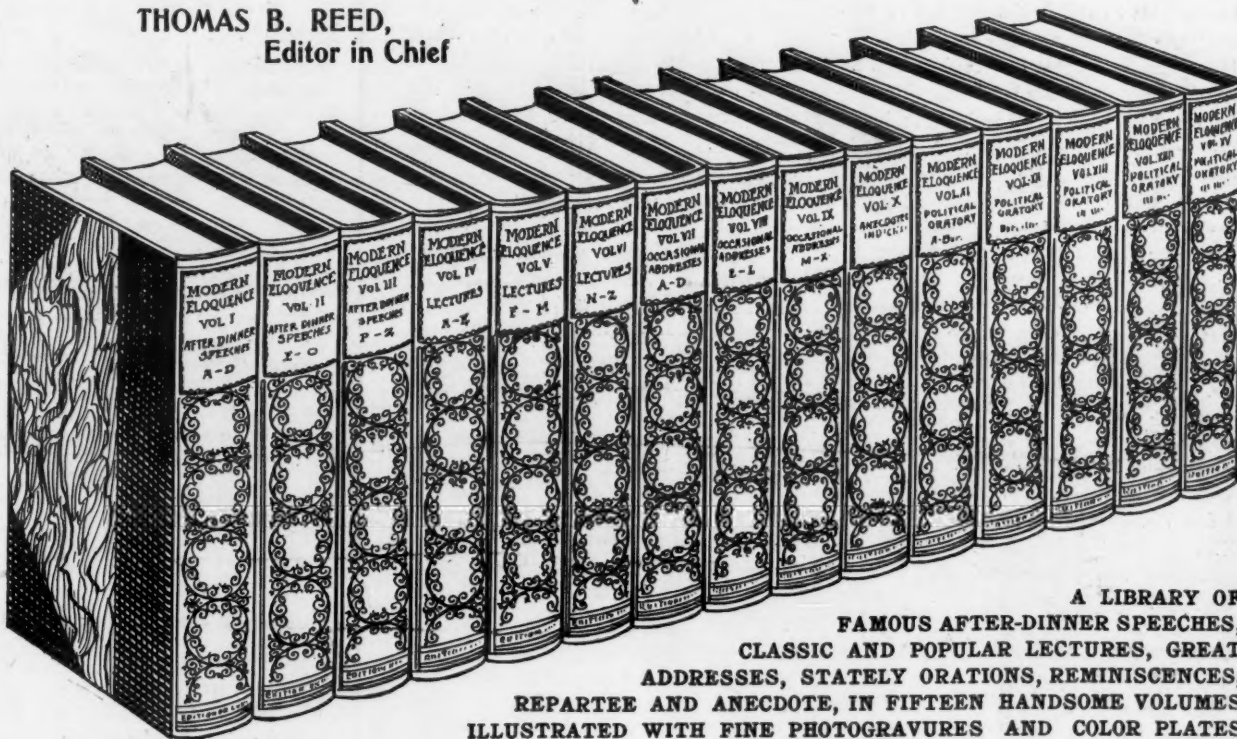
"Talking about that bald spot of yours," he said, "it looks as if you'd been having trouble with your wife."

The tobacconist glared at the spot where the young man had stood for nearly a minute. Then his features relaxed. "Maybe I ain't the first that's told him that this afternoon," he said.—*Chicago News.*

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THOMAS B. REED,  
Editor in Chief



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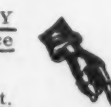
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## AT THE PLAY

BY W. M. R.  
Mr. Crane.

"Business is Business" may be a good play. It doesn't act or look like it. It won't do. For why? Because the greater part of it is unintelligible to women. And women make the play go.

Mr. Crane, as *Luchat*, is interesting. But he is only so because he is vigorous and very active. His comic note is all very well and for a minute he stands the stress of the tragic, but then he dissolves. There is a great deal of sheer talk in the part and Mr. Crane clatters away furiously all the time. Still he isn't very convincing. The business air on him is not the real thing. He's not accomplishing anything, but simply fussing around.

Katherine Gray as the daughter is very good. Her work is strongly marked and she conveys the impression of intensity without tearing things to tatters. Her voice is a wonderful organ. If she has a defect it is that she delights too much in little starts and shocks and winces and shudders. But for this, in a part a little more human, she must be a very effective actress.

Harriet Otis Dallenbaugh, as *Mme. Luchat*, is garrulously pleasant and inconsequential for the greater part of the evening, but she attains to something worthy of memory in the scene wherein she is drawn to her daughter. She is quietly and smoothly natural at all times.

H. Hassard Short's *Xavier* is unique for its value without apparent effort, but Mr. Walter Hale has a part so poor that it's a wonder he doesn't make it worse. George Backus and Sheridan Block are lay figures, and the same

or worse may be said for the *Marquis de Porcellet* of Harry St. Maur, and Robert Paton Gibbs in a mournful part is rather colorless. The others are just to fill in, and they do it well enough.

The play is flat, dull, dry, disappointing. It is not a play that will be liked. It is not as good a play as it is in the French of Octave Mirbeau. All the life and color are taken out of it in its Englishing.

Mr. Crane has made a mistake in taking up "Business is Business." He is worthy of study and productive of delight in almost anything, but this vehicle—well, it used to be a good old wagon in French, but it's done broke down.

Mr. Hawtrey.

There's nothing much to say about Mr. Charles Hawtrey in the "Message from Mars" at the Century.

The play is thrilling in the fashion with which we are all familiar. We have seen it here before, and it isn't a play one cares to see more than once; though for a first time it is all right enough.

Mr. Hawtrey is a thoroughly trained and equipped English actor. He does his work with a surety that is pleasing. He's always workmanlike. And what he does seems inevitable. There's nothing slipshod about him, no loose ends of speech or gesture. He's neat and trim and tidy and just a little cold. But that's the British way.

Mr. Hawtrey is supported by a good company, and the play goes with a good deal of vim and gusto. It hits the emotions of the audience about right.

#### Winning "Winsome Winnie."

Whether or no a change has come over the tastes of local play-goers in that musical comedy is more popular with them than amusement of any other kind, the fact is that since the opening weeks of the new Garrick, when the house was for the time given over to the classic muse, business at the Chestnut street amusement temple has been very good, better, in fact, than its projectors had reason to anticipate. After four weeks of "The Royal Chef," and one of "A Chinese Honeymoon," in which capacity houses were of very frequent occurrence, a new Shubert show-piece, "Winsome Winnie," by the authors of "Erminie," was put on view Sunday last, and began with every evidence of meeting the wishes of the patrons. Two big houses greeted it on the initial occasions, and the attendance, despite the most frigid weather in more than two decades, has continued good ever since. In this new piece Paula Edwardes, the *Mamie Clancy* of "The Belle of New York," has the title part, and it fits her as snugly as the remarkable costume she wears in the first act, regarding which there is still some doubt about her manner of getting into it.

"Winsome Winnie" had to be Americanized before it "went" with New York audiences, and this service was performed by Gustave Kerker and



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The newest things for spring dress trimmings are shown to-day. You have never seen many of them before. Exquisite novelties. Rich colorings and designs.

Braids and Colored Appliques and Edges in the Persian effects; a combination braid that is a variety of narrow braids combined together, each one different in design and color; new for trimming spring suits; per yard—  
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New Spangled Lace Edges, in white and silver, black and silver; also pompadour, combined with colored spangled... \$3.00 to \$7.50

White and black Chantilly Nets for Dresses; small figures and dots; \$1.50 to \$4.50 yard. Bands and edges to match.

New Pompadour Appliques, beautiful effects; daintily designed and in very pretty colors; pink, blue, green, gold and the new shade of blues; richly applied in colored effects. These are new and will be shown to-day as one of the best for spring—  
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\$15.00 up to \$40.00 per costumes.  
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Frederick Paulton. As shown at the Garrick, it is a grade above the usual run of musical comedies, and often gets into the class of comic opera, especially when the many songs, otherwise solos, in which the score abounds,

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are taken into consideration. The company impresses by its size and the even distribution of talent. The most conspicuous member in the latter particular is William Wolff, who has the part of *Pericles*, inn-keeper, which he soon exchanges for that of *Chief of the Brazen Bandits*. As the bandit he sings the song about the maid and the miller, which, to use a cant phrase, is alone worth the price of admission. As is usual with Shubert shows, the chorus is large, tuneful and shapely. Much attention is paid to the costuming of the piece, the changes being frequent and in good taste.

There are fifty good performers at the Standard this week in "The Blue Ribbon Girls Company." They present a high-class vaudeville show. There are six acts in the olio and two burlesques. One of the latter, "Caught With the Goods," contains some good material and several funny situations.

#### Coming Attractions.

"For His Sister's Honor," a new melodrama, is well received at the Imperial. The story deals with New England rural life and the scenes are pretty true to nature. The plot revolves about a family quarrel in which a favorite son, a supposed "black sheep," and a blind mother are the principal characters. The former robs his mother, and the other brother, in order to shield him, accepts the blame, is driven from home and narrowly escapes death. Wedgewood Newell and John Abbott, two clever young actors, efficiently fill the roles of the brothers.

William H. Turner isn't an actor of the calibre of Mr. Crane, but his impersonation of *David Harum* in the revival of that comedy at the Grand this week is thoroughly satisfactory. His work is well done. He emphasizes the superlative shrewdness and quiet generosity of the New England Yankee horse-trader well nigh as skillfully as it could be done. And the other characters are ably presented. J. W. Ashley as *John Lennox*, Samuel Russell as *Bill Montaigne*, the "bad man," and C. H. Carleton as *Dick Larrabee*, are quite at home in their parts, and Patrecia Claire is an ideal *Mary*, pretty and charming.

"Raffles," the amateur cracksman, will entertain the Century patrons next week, commencing Sunday night. Kyrle Belkew, who is equally as well known and popular as the drama, will assume the role of "Raffles." E. M. Holland, who is said to be a great hit in the part, will appear as *Capt. Bedford*, the detective. The entire cast which produced the piece in its long run in New York is promised for the coming engagement.

Edna May is coming. She will be at the Olympic next week, commencing Monday night. She will appear in the leading role of the Frohman piece, "The School Girl." The play has, according to report, been meeting with success, and it is said to be a really good vehicle of entertainment. The company sup-

porting Edna May contains a number of capable actors and actresses.

Next week the Imperial patrons, and in fact all St. Louis theater goers who so desire, will have an opportunity to pass judgment on Robert Fitzsimmons' ability as an actor. The lanky "old man" of the prize ring is with the company producing "A Fight for Love." The engagement opens with a matinee Sunday afternoon.

"Winsome Winnie" will be at the Garrick for another week. Miss Paula Edwardes and her supporting company are pleased with the reception accorded them thus far. Some new music, songs and other features may be added for next week's production.

Originally, the design was to keep "Winsome Winnie" at the Garrick three weeks, but the fire in the Casino in New York, necessitated a change in the plans of the management, and this brings "San Toy," the big production with "Jimmie" Powers, and a famous company, to St. Louis on Sunday, February 26.

The capable and funny Rose Melville will be the star performer at the Grand next week. She will present *Sis Hopkins*, a piece in which she has been scoring considerable success. She appears in the title role, and has a great field for her peculiar talents. The piece is well known to St. Louis theater-goers.

The "Knickerbocker Burlesquers" will furnish the entertainment at the Standard next week. This is said to be one of the best shows of its class on the road. There are specialties galore—good singers, dancers and comedians—and a couple of one act sketches that are full of ginger.

#### LEATHER A COMING FASHION

So runs the heading of an article in a recent issue of the *London Telegraph*, according to which leathers in the most beautiful colors are likely ere long to play a very important part in fashionable dress, especially for use in shooting or sporting costumes of any kind, as in linings or facings, and wholesale manufacturing houses are even turning out charming costumes at prices within the range of the ordinary buyer. One house has found it necessary to prepare "color cards," similar to those used by the manufacturers of costly velvets and silks, to show the variety and range of lovely shades that are available for dress requirements. Kid, when submitted to chrome treatment for water-proofing, or for glazing, gave such satisfactory results that pretty waist-belts, which assumed such graceful folds when in wear, were introduced last year, figuring largely among the attractive novelties for Christmas presents. A special surface, known technically as "matt finish," is given to the kid, which is finding chief favor with the dressmakers. It is not so smooth or bright as that of ordinary glace kid, and may be said to resemble dull satin, with a peach-like bloom upon it. The colors include some of the softest pastel shades, as well as the stronger and brighter tones, and the reds,



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mauves and champagnes are particularly good. From the wholesale manufacturers, as well as from the ladies' tailors, the shades most called for are a subdued myrtle-green, navy-blue, prune, golden, chocolate and hazel-browns and silvery-gray, which is shown in some very delicate gradations while white is greatly favored. It is used as vests with very smart gowns, and appears on coats and skirts in revers, waistbands, strapings, pipings and buttons. For motor wear, whole blouses are made of it, and it is not difficult to imagine how dressy one might look in some of the pale blues, heliotropes or ivory-whites that are to be found. In the darker shades very workmanlike skirts are turned out, and underskirts have been made in it for ladies who are anticipating shooting over rough country. It is even appearing upon millinery, and felt hats for country or morning wear are being trimmed with folded bands of it fastened by quills or wings. Possibly here the soft, velvet-like suede finish may ultimately win chief acceptance, though this, from the system of preparation, is not so desirable where hard wear is concerned, though in colors it rivals those of more burnished face. But there would seem to be no limits to its possible uses as an accessory of dress, as it is pointed out that motifs and appliques of quite original effects could easily be obtained from it, while it lends itself well as the ground for silk embroidery and jeweled work. It is evident that the leather merchants have a firm belief in it as a coming feature in fashion, which is manifested by the attention bestowed upon it in tasteful and attractive displays, and the wide range of colors which they are prepared to supply.



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## THE MIRROR

### MUSIC

#### Free Treatment of Various Themes.

To the average music lover, part-singing—especially by women's voices—is decidedly a negligible quantity. However, when the singing is good, very good, as that of the Morning Choral Club, it insidiously takes hold of our affections and gradually changes the feeling of polite tolerance, with which we originally regarded the work of this excellent organization, to one of genuine enjoyment. At the concert Monday night, in addition to a solid substantial new work, the club presented four musical etchings, intrinsically of slight value, but so cleverly exploited that they proved delightful. The feature of the evening was the elaborate and extremely beautiful composition by Reinhold Herman, entitled "The Song of the Virgins." Harmonically and melodically, Mr. Herman's work is strikingly original, and belongs to the ultra-modern school. He shows a fine contempt for the limitations of the human voice, and scatters rythmical problems with great freedom, through his score. The accompaniment is orchestral, and only at intervals does it move smoothly with the voice parts—mixed rhythms and syncopated passages seem to be Mr. Herman's hobby. The effect is stunning as given by the Morning Choral, but it is a composition that few choruses could attack with impunity, and even for this well-nigh impeccable aggregation it proved dangerous, as witness the failure of several vociferous "virgins" to agree upon a time of attack.

The work of the club throughout the evening was of a high order; and, in a tricky composition by Frederick Stevenson, entitled, "Dance of the Fays," the club accomplished an extraordinary feat of agility, by singing, with astonishing clarity, a chromatic scale at a rapid tempo. The material of which the Morning Choral is composed, makes it unique. Probably no other organization of a like nature can boast of so many fine, and cultivated voices. The tone quality is superb, and the famous second alto part of the club seems richer and more sonorous, than ever.

Mr. Ernst was in mood on Monday, and directed with great enthusiasm.

Mr. Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, of New York, assisted the club. His programme was judiciously chosen, and he proved himself to be the owner of a warm, rich voice, wonderfully plastic, which he uses most artistically.

Mr. Frederick Fischer, at the piano, supplied the long-felt need of a masculine arm to support the chorus. His accompaniments left nothing to be desired. Mr. Charles Galloway lent valuable aid at the organ.

Miss Edna Fassett ended a brief career as a local church and concert singer with a fine flourish at the concert given at Pilgrim Church under the direction of her preceptress, Mrs. Stella Kellogg-Haines. For the present, operatic work of the lighter kind is Miss Fassett's purpose, and the young St. Louisan departed last night for Boston, where she is soon to make her debut

under the management of Mr. George Kirgshury.

It seems a pity that so lovely a voice and a singer of so superior a calibre should be placed in the corroding atmosphere of "musical comedy," where vocal art counts for so little, and personality for so much. However, Miss Fassett, probably, will soon find irksome the artistic limitations of the work she is about to undertake, and will ultimately devote herself to grand opera or oratorio singing. Her qualifications for the highest class of work are indisputable. In her singing at Mrs. Haines' concert the young soprano evidenced voice, temperament, intelligence and splendid technique. The three numbers sung by her—*Mimi's* first aria from "La Boheme," *Filina's* vocal polonaise from "Mignon," and the soprano part in the sextet from "Lucia"—would have staggered a veteran, but she addressed herself to them with the intrepidity of youth, and disposed of all difficulties with astounding ease and fascinating grace. The voice itself is a beautiful organ—limpid, sweet and soft, yet brilliant and vibrant, with much of the quality that makes Melba's soprano so telling, and Miss Fassett uses it with remarkable technical dexterity. The maturity of her interpretive insight shows the genuine musical feeling and wit of this gifted girl, and if hers is not a brilliant career, all signs fail.

At this concert appeared several youthful vocalists of promissory note, whose work was mainly interesting from the point of the future possibilities it indicated. A really remarkable voice, as yet somewhat uncertain and uneven, was revealed by Miss Blanche Snyder. It is a rich, powerful mezzo soprano, which, when under complete control, will be sensational in the music of *Carmen*, and kindred roles. Little Miss Louise Medley, pretty and picturesque, attacked with aplomb the "Inflammatus," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and carried it to a triumphant finish on a top "C." Miss Alice Trorlicht sang two well-selected numbers most tastefully, following programmatically Miss Ruth Orthwein, who evidenced a voice of rarely beautiful quality. Miss Caroline Ehrman gave a conscientious rendition of the waltz song from "Romeo and Juliet" in a clear, sweet, flexible soprano.

Mr. W. A. Graeper was at a disadvantage in an unintelligible fragment from "La Boheme," but his superior intelligence and truly artistic singing enabled him to score despite his unfortunate selection.

The music season is looking up decidedly, and we "eat the air promise crammed." Paderewski, Hofmann, Joseffy, Ottokar Malek, are pianists to be heard; Ysaye, Kreisler, Cecsey are violinist visitants; Francis Rogers and Herbert Witherspoon will give vocal recitals. This list is incomplete, as it is, and would be much longer if there was an available music hall in this city.

Paderewski, the pianist pre-eminent of the world to-day, comes to the Odeon Monday next. His wonderful power over his audience seems as strong as ever, and the shouting and cheering and ker-



chief waving of former years is still a part of the Paderewski functions. Leaving all sensational features aside, the Paderewski recital is a great event musically. The magnetic Pole plays marvelously; no other pianist makes his instrument sing as does he. His pianism is, so far as possible, vocalization. He is a great artist, and when he occasionally lapses into cheap sensationalism, it is not because he does not know better, but simply because the Barnumizing to which he has so long submitted, demands it.

Mr. Robert Patterson Strine, the enterprising musician who has charge of the local workings of the Paderewski recital, also brings to the Odeon Ysaye, the world renowned Belgian violinist. This great musician is now making his last tour as a violin virtuoso, as he intends in future to devote himself to orchestral conducting and teaching.

Ottokar Malek, a young Bohemian pianist who will be heard at Association Hall on March 7, played more than one hundred recitals last season. He is said to be a most interesting player, and made a triumphant debut in Prague some years ago, with his young countryman, Jan Kubelik, assisting.

Francis Rogers, one of the most cultured and dignified of American singers, comes here later in the season, under the management of Harry J. Walker. Mr. Rogers' programmes and their interpretations are well worth the attention of every vocalist.

A series of six piano recitals by Ernest R. Kroeger, given under the management of R. P. Strine, will be begun at the Odeon Recital Hall next Sunday. Mr. Kroeger can always be depended upon for interesting programmes and sane, scholarly playing, and should draw all serious students of the piano forte to his recitals. The last of the series will be in the nature of a lecture recital—"Parsifal," which will be heard next day at the Olympic Theater, being the theme.

PIERRE MARTEAU.



#### APPLES BAKED WITH ALMONDS

Core and pare six or eight tart apples; let simmer in a cup each of sugar and water boiled together, two or three minutes, until nearly tender; turn the apples often to avoid breaking. A little lemon juice added to the syrup will improve the flavor (the juice of half a lemon); it will keep them white during the cooking. Set the apples in an agate pan and press into them almonds blanched and slit in halves. Dredge

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SAME FINE SHOW ALL NEXT WEEK.

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Mars

Regular Mat. Sat.

Beginning  
Next Sunday Night.  
Kyrle Bellew

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RAFFLES

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Superb Cast and Em  
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Reserved Seats Thur.

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Wm. H. Crane  
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Business is Business

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Beginning Next Mon.

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CHARLES FROHMAN  
presents

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KNICKERBOCKER  
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**THE EYES OF JUDAH**

BY WASHINGTON MATHEWS.

The portals of the synagogue before me  
open wide;

And slowly through them from within  
there pours a living tide.

I stand beside the steps and gaze upon  
each passing face,

And in the eyes of Judah read the story  
of a race.

The sordid eyes of Judah—the eyes to  
earth cast down,

While, all unseen above them an angel  
holds a crown;

The eyes of Judas fallen from sainthood  
and from fame,

To gain, with his poor silver dole, an  
execrated name.

The noble eyes of Judah—of men whose  
great names throng

The pages of our history, whose deeds  
inspire our song.

O, Fold of Judah; fruitful, throughout  
the vanished years,

In statesmen, bards and martyrs, in  
sages and in seers.

The warlike eyes of Judah—that seldom  
shine to-day

As on the night when Gideon bade three  
hundred trumpets play;

The eyes of David when he smote Go-  
liath with a stone,

Of Joshua when he stopped the moon  
in fateful Ajalon.

The patient eyes of Judah—through  
many hundred years

They've lifted to Jehovah their glances  
dimmed with tears;

In Ghetto and in Judenstrass, in dun-  
geon and in flame,

They've watched for a Messiah, for  
such as never came.

The crafty eyes of Judah—with arch-  
ing glance and wise—

O, Leah the forsaken! had Laban not  
such eyes?

Was such the glance of Jacob, when,  
speaking filial words,

He practiced cunning arts and robbed  
thy father's herds?

The love-lit eyes of Judah—that con-  
quered hearts of stone,

That won Ahasuerus' love and guided  
Persia's throne.

To-day, O glorious Esther! the lights of  
Purim shine

In memory of the conquest of those  
brave eyes of thine.

The cruel eyes of Judah—that saw the  
thorny crown

Upon His bleeding temples by heavy  
hands pressed down,

And gleamed when scornful laughter  
with mocking shouts did blend:

"If Thou are truly Son of God, now  
from the cross descend!"

The tender eyes of Judah—such eyes  
as lit the face

Of dying Jesus when he prayed for  
mercy on his race—

His palate parched with thirst, his brow  
damp with the mortal dew:

"O, Father mine! Forgive them; they  
know not what they do."

—From Out West.

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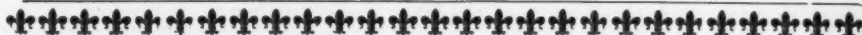
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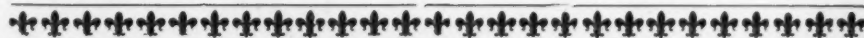
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said a woman on a Westport car to an-  
other yesterday, "the person who is al-  
ways trying to correct my grammar  
makes me maddest. At Mrs. Blank's  
tea the other afternoon I chanced to  
use the word 'ain't,' and immediately  
a young woman there took occasion to  
inform me that the word is a bad one.  
I was quite mortified, as several other  
women heard her instructing me."

"Oh, I wouldn't feel badly about  
that," said the other woman. "By the  
way," came from the first woman, "you  
used 'badly' improperly then. 'Badly'  
is an adverb and can be used properly  
to modify the verb 'feel' only when you  
speak of feeling with the fingers or  
something like that. You should have  
said, 'I wouldn't feel bad.'"

Then she wondered why the people  
nearby in the car smiled.—Kansas City  
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## THE STOCK MARKET

The past week's price movements in Wall street were conflicting and somewhat bewildering. In certain quarters, there could be noted unusual strength and, at times, even bouyancy, while in others liquidation on a respectable scale was clearly in evidence. Apprehensions in regard to the continued outflow of gold to Europe, Cuba and South America may be cited as one of the reasons for the marked irregularity in tendency. The passage of the railroad freight-regulation bill in the lower House of Congress was, undoubtedly, another cause of hesitancy and restriction in operations on the bull side. The gold shipments have assumed dimensions that certainly invite serious thought. The government assay office cannot furnish a sufficient quantity of gold bars to cover requirements. Later, several millions of gold coin were shipped to Europe, the supply of bar gold having become exhausted. In the middle of last week, sterling exchange suddenly developed some weakness, dropping several notches below the point of outgo. The following day, however, it resumed its upward tendency in New York, while it was receding in Paris, thus giving rise to the belief that the gold exports would have to be continued for a while longer, and inducing another rush of foreign bankers to the assay office.

The foreign demand for our gold is the more remarkable, because money is easy at London as well as at Berlin. There is, in fact, good reason to believe that the official rate of discount of the Bank of England will be reduced in the near future. The shipments to Paris are no doubt for the purpose of strengthening the financial position there and to facilitate the flotation of Russian loans. This gold movement, of course, prevents the New York banks from reaping the full benefit of the return of currency from the interior. But for the shipments abroad, the surplus reserves would surely stand at a considerably higher notch than they do at present. In view of the enormous total of loans outstanding, the banking situation in New York is none too strong; in fact, it is such as to instil thoughts of caution, and even fears that, with a continuation of bull manipulation, a sharp stiffening of interest rates

cannot be avoided much longer. The mere fact that money on call is quoted at 2 and 2½ per cent. does not amount to a continental. It has often been the case that a low rate was, within a few days, followed by a severe squeeze in the loan market.

The Wall street element will soon be compelled to reckon seriously with monetary considerations. Random, loose talk of prosperity, and all that sort of thing, does not do away with legitimate factors of force and weight. There's another factor to be weighed, and that is the President's determination to have the rate-regulation bill become a law, either during the present or an extra session. This surely should promote the growth of a sane spirit of conservatism before long. A law of that kind cannot be regarded as a bull argument on railroad stocks. Of course, hope is still strong in Wall street that the Senate will hold out doggedly and finally refuse altogether to pass the President's pet bill. This hope, however, may be a false and fatuous one.

Ontario & Western has gained about five points in the past week. Transactions in it were enormous at times. No special additional reasons were offered in explanation of the unusual activity in this once so uninviting and unpopular issue. Manipulation, based on the improved status of the property, and dividend-anticipations, were unquestionably the chief reasons for the upward movement. There are traders in Wall street who firmly believe that Ontario will prove another Reading common and that it can be bought with impunity on every moderate decline. The dividend talk current on the shares is not to be scoffed at. The earnings are increasing at a ratio that should assure stockholders of a two or three per cent dividend within the next six or twelve months.

The entrance of the Union Pacific interests into the directorate of the Atchison caused considerable comment. It was taken to signify that the Union Pacific will eventually control the entire railroad situation in the West. Harri-man is anxious to make further conquests in his chosen field. In combination with the Goulds and Rockefellers, he is scheming and working earnestly and persistently to bring the Western roads into one fold. The Harman in-

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fluence and power are noticeable even in the East. It would seem that the predictions made, some years ago, of a complete trans-continental line, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, will yet be realized. The New York Central-Lake Shore-Chicago & Northwestern system is rapidly developing into such a trans-continental line, and so is the Union Pacific, whose eastern connecting link, it is intimated, will be the Erie. However, it seems somewhat premature to dwell upon matters of this sort at the present time, when the entire railroad field is in uninterrupted process of transformation and amalgamation, to say nothing of the form Government regulation of, and interference in, railroad affairs may assume within the next few years.

It is the drawing together of all the great railroad interests, and purchases of enormous blocks of stocks recently made in connection with this centralization movement, which is, undoubtedly, chiefly responsible for the strong favor with which even ordinarily prudent people are now looking upon railroad issues that barely attracted notice some two or three years ago. The smaller properties are being considered and studied more closely at the present time than they ever have been before. The substantial advances, recorded in such issues as Ontario & Western, Reading, Ohio, Kansas City Southern and others have whetted the public's appetite for this class of stocks.

There's no use talking, boys. The boom in the iron and steel trade is the real thing. The January production eclipsed all previous high records, even the effulgent days of 1903, when Europe was shivering and trembling lest the United States steel manufacturers should swamp the entire civilized world with their products and drive out all competition. If the present rate of pig-iron production should be kept up, the

annual output would exceed 21,000,000 tons. Now, this is a mighty large tonnage, one that should infuse new life into United States Steel issues. No wonder that both common and preferred, as well as the rest of the steel shares, should display such a lot of backbone and a constant tendency to rise further. The trade improvement may already have been discounted entirely, yet, all the same, it is calculated to make fresh accessions to the bull ranks, and to prevent anything like a severe setback from present quotations. Of course, the iron trade is a pretty uncertain factor. It is on the pinnacle of prosperity at the present time, and may be in the "dumps" again six months hence. The chances are, however, that the improvement will last for a good while. There's a better feeling on the European continent. Germany and Belgium report steady growth in steel manufacturing. This is encouraging news. It must not be forgotten, however, that the price-level is still considerably below that of two years ago.

The bond market evidences a good demand for reputable investment issues. Bond-houses report that the inquiry for railroad bonds that still yield a fair return on the investment is somewhat surprising. In the past six months, bond sales footed up an enormous total. There can be no question but that this investment demand gave additional impetus to the recent improvement in stock market values. Whether it is to continue or not, will depend upon monetary and general financial and political developments. It must, in connection with this, also be noted that foreigners have been large buyers of American shares and bonds in recent times.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

It was United Railways preferred that

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attracted the most attention in the last few days. Owing to the various rumors floating round touching the negotiations for the acquirement of the United Railways system by the North American, brokers received bunches of rush orders for the preferred, the result being a very substantial advance in the price of the stock. So far, the highest touched was 75, which was on last Saturday, when over 3,500 shares changed hands. In spite of the big gain in value, however, no one seems to know anything definite as yet relative to the terms of the purchase. Under existing conditions, it is easy to start any kind of a rumor to inflame the public imagination. Doubtless, the impression prevailing on Fourth street is that the North American will pay a good price for the preferred. The common stock has shared but slightly in the improvement. At this time it is quoted at 23 bid, 23 1/4 asked, the last sale being made at 23. The 4 per cent bonds have moved up to the extent of about a half point. The last quotation was 86 3/4 bid, 87 asked.

Bank and trust company issues were but little in evidence in the past week. An odd lot of Missouri-Lincoln sold at 136, which price is now bid for the shares, with 136 1/2 asked. For Mechanics' National 280 is bid, 285 asked; for Mercantile 365 is bid, 370 asked; for Commonwealth 304 1/2 is bid, 306 asked. There was no demand for Bank of Commerce; neither was there any offering. The stock is quoted, nominally, at 305 1/2 bid. For Mississippi Valley 356 is bid, 360 asked. This stock seems to be firmly held; it is difficult to buy without running up the quotation for it.

For Simmons Hardware first preferred 128 1/2 is bid, 131 asked; for the second preferred 129 is bid, 132 asked. For Central Coal & Coke common 63 is bid, 63 1/2 asked; for the preferred 74 1/2 is bid. Brown Bros' Subscriptions are offered at 113 1/2, 113 is bid. The price for these rights advanced about 2 1/2 points latterly. It is said that old Transit stock

changed hands latterly at 15, and over. Some insist that sales were made of this stock at 31. This, however, may be all ghost-talk.

The St. Louis & Suburban has completed its new organization incidental to the issue of additional stock to the amount of \$1,500,000. Among the new directors elected at the meeting recently are: Adolphus Busch, Julius S. Walsh, Edward A. Faust and C. H. Marsh, member of the firm of Ladenburg, Thoman & Co., New York. The board now consists of fifteen members; formerly there were only nine. It was announced that sixty per cent of the new stock has been subscribed for by the stockholders of the company, independently of the underwriting syndicate.

For St. Louis Brewing Association 6s 101 3/4 is bid, 102 1/4 asked. For Merchants' Bridge 6s 112 1/2 is bid; there are no offerings. For Missouri-Edison 5s 102 is bid, 103 asked. Kinloch Telephone 6s are quoted at 107 1/4 bid, 107 1/2 asked.

Money is in fair demand, bankers report. Interest rates remain about the same—4 to 5 1/2 per cent for time and call loans, secured by good collateral. Sterling exchange is slightly lower. The last quotation was \$4.88 3/8.

#### ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

J. M. W., Independence, Mo.—The St. Louis bank stock referred to is considered a good investment. Its present price, however, is not very tempting. Would recommend buying something else. A stock such as this should yield at least 3 3/4 per cent on the investment.

Old Subscriber, Dayton, O.—Would recommend hanging on to Rock Island common. Should rise to your level, barring the unexpected. Consider Pressed Steel Car common a fair speculation.

A. H. M., Helena, Ark.—Would hold Illinois Central for investment. Worth as much, intrinsically, as St. Paul common, which is selling almost twenty points higher. International Paper 6s speculative, but tempting purchase.



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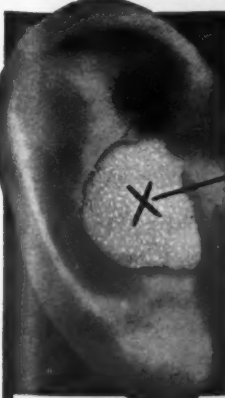
"It is a matter of notoriety," writes Dr. A. H. Friedenberg, of New York, to *American Medicine*, "that, as regards decency of appearance, our United States money can not compete with most foreign money. Abroad, with the exception of the fractional currency of Italy and Austria, it is a rare thing to find oneself in the possession of bank notes that are not fresh, clean, and crisp.

I am informed that in England the public is so indulged in this particular that it is the custom of the Bank of England to cancel, destroy, and reissue all notes, soiled or not, that are presented for payment."

\*\*\*

Mrs. Knicker—Is Mrs. Amos a well-informed woman?

Mrs. Bocker—Yes, indeed her cook has lived with all the other families in the neighborhood.—*New Yorker*.



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## A CRYING EVIL

BY TOM MASSON.

The question as to the number of children we shall have is supremely agitating at the present time.

Some ladies claim that where one is changing husbands all the time even one baby is superfluous and any more would be a public nuisance. For one thing, babies are always more or less in the way. They interfere with European travel and are hard to hold in horse-cars. They are not allowed in baggage-cars, cannot be sent by freight or express, nor checked at a hotel. They seem to be naturally wicked, are hard to raise, and seldom repay the trouble they cause.

A baby around the house often interferes with the pleasures of the nurse. He is always falling out of his carriage or interrupting her in the midst of an exciting novel. A nurse ought to have as good a time as anyone else, but the baby often keeps her from the highest enjoyment. It is hard for her to run downstairs and call up her best fellow when the baby is running loose without a collar or leader. Along with other modern conveniences, every well-regulated house ought to have a telephone switch in the nursery and save the gentle and patient nurse as many steps as possible.

Babies are generally admitted to be a poor security. Although a great deal of money is put into them, no baby would be accepted as collateral by one's butcher or broker. They draw relatives, are hard to name, and almost always develop the worst traits of our ancestors, not to mention ourselves.

The number of babies had by unintelligent and shortsighted parents doesn't matter in kind, but in degree. If one baby is a general nuisance, it stands to reason that two of them ought to be twice as bad. But the truth is, by the law of permutation, two are three times as bad as one, and three, six times as bad as two.

A single baby can be stowed away in an alcove or a soap-box and his cries muffled by any hard-hearted old female, but a trained nurse and a corps of faithful assistants will fail in the case of two.

That is the supreme danger of having babies, anyway. Providence has no head for figures. One of them can be decently tolerated and treated by the philosophic mind like any other bad investment. But when we are up against two or three of them, as the stork may be—when we have to elbow our way to breakfast in the morning and there is a wintry forest of cribs in all the upper stories, almost any kind of a hereafter is a welcome change.

It is a common belief that when, in our youthful days, the sanctity of our homes is invaded by babies, it's such a real good thing, because they will support us in our old age. But by the time the returns are beginning to come in the chances are about ten to one that our candidates are going to be beaten at the polls. Most of us by that time are too old to care. What we need

most of all is someone to support us while we are bringing the babies up.

It's all very well, when you are about eighty years old and full of rheumatism and reminiscences, to sit by the fire-side of your wealthy son-in-law or daughter-in-law and while you are spinning some prosy old yarn to your delighted audience, to have your brow smoothed by gentle hands, and a twenty-dollar-a-month maid standing over you with her arms full of rare old Madeira and Canary in gold decanters. But that isn't what happens in real life. What happens in real life is that you are relegated to some drafty attic room for about twenty hours a day to nurse your troubles and keep them to yourself, are put on a regular allowance of about thirty cents a week, and then, when the word is passed around that "grandpa" is coming to join the family circle, there is a general stampede for the outskirts of the estate. Your baby boy of thirty years ago, the pater of whose footsteps you listened to, wondering what the shoe bill would be, and thinking of the glorious future, is now busy with troubles of his own, and has no time for "grandpa's" heart-to-heart talks.

We should be wrong to deprecate babies too strongly. There are two sides to every calamity. Occasionally we hear of a baby who has made himself useful, has successfully broken open a bank and got away with all the money, or else been smart enough to grow up and become a magnate, robbing the general public and his country and thereby developing into a respectable member of the community.

But, speaking generally, babies are to be deplored. They always come when not wanted. They are out of place. They hinder education, interrupt the reading of the popular magazines, keep us up nights, and oftentimes humiliate us deeply, cutting us to the heart by their great numbers and frequency. They spread undelightful diseases, promote germs and are constantly adding to the number of undesirable folks.

If there could be a regular baby industry, in which only the first-class article were permitted to exist, much mitigation of the present unhappy state of affairs might result. As it is, there are too many seconds. Damaged goods are thrown on the market, with no thought of the result, except to get rid of them.

Every baby ought to have the maker's guarantee, and when he doesn't come up to the mark he ought to be returned C. O. D. At present, however, there seems nothing to do but to mourn our gain.—From the February Smart Set.

\*\*\*

Blanche, Wilbur and Thomas were in the garden playing and making a great deal of noise, but small Jack sat in a corner very quietly, which for Jack was an unusual proceeding. After watching them for some time the mother's curiosity prompted her to ask:

"What are you playing?"

"We are playing house," answered Wilbur. "Blanche and I are the mother and father, and Thomas is the child."

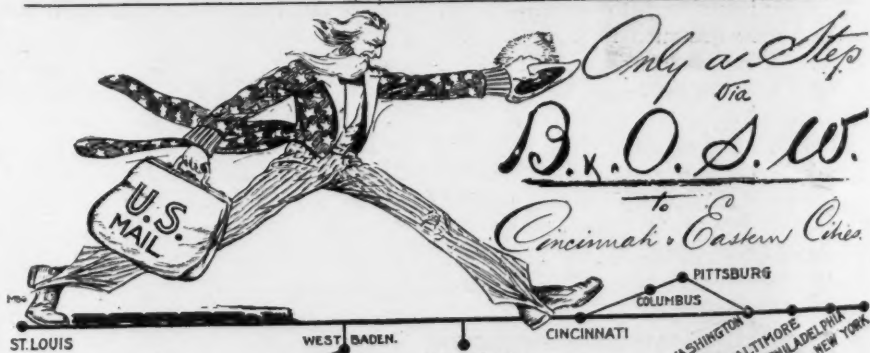
"And what does Jack do?"

"Sh, sh! he isn't born yet."—Exchange.

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